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WITH EXTRA COLOURED SUPPLEMENT
"The Volcanic Outburst at Martinique"

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THE HERALD OF PEACE: THE MOST WELCOME CORONATION GUEST
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN

Topics of the Week

THE steadfastness and patriotism of the nation and the gallantry of our splendid Army have at length been rewarded.

Peace at Last The South African war has been brought to a triumphant conclusion and British dominion has been finally established over the two Dutch Republics, which in a moment of almost inconceivable folly, dreamt of driving the British power into the sea. Thus ends a war which, in some respects, has not its parallel in history. There have been longer and more costly wars, and many in which the forces engaged were more numerous; but as a military problem the reduction of the two small Boer Republics has presented difficulties with which no military commander has hitherto had to grapple, and which, perhaps, no other nation in the world could have overcome so successfully as we have. Lord Kitchener, as Lord Roberts said the other day, has accomplished what no other man could have accomplished. The comparatively small numbers of the enemy afford no measure whatever of the enormous difficulties of his task. In the Caucasus and in Algeria the Russians and French had to deal with a foe far inferior in numbers to themselves, and who, moreover, were not Europeans; and yet the forces they required to subdue them were as large as those we have been compelled to employ, while it took them from ten to fourteen years to impose their will on the two countries. What would have been their position if they had had to wage these wars several thousand miles from their respective bases, and had had to wage them over an area as large as Central Europe? It is not difficult to supply the answer. In these circumstances the victory would have remained with Schamyl and Abd-el-Kadr in the same way as a century ago Washington successfully withstood the British troops which a few years later brought the great Napoleon to his knees. We need have no false modesty in claiming that the war has been a wonderful feat. With all its surprises and "regrettable incidents," it has revealed in this country the existence of resources of which we may well be proud, resources which show that the nation is fully equal to the unexampled burden of Empire it has to bear. Nor are these resources merely the mechanical instruments which money can buy. Throughout the war the nation has shown a devotion, a courage, and a patient dignity which have compelled the admiration of a world steeped in malignant envy. The Army has exhibited a gallantry, an endurance, and a patriotic attachment to the old flag, which shows that it is still at the level of its most glorious traditions. The stories of Ladysmith and Mafeking are worthy of the heroic pages of British history and will never be forgotten as long as military prowess and patriotic self-denial are prized as main-springs of national well-being. The war has been a serious trial, but Great Britain emerges from it not only crowned with laurels, but stronger than she has ever been before. It has knit together the Empire in an indestructible web of sympathy and common sacrifices. The dark days after Colenso were, indeed, a blessing in disguise. "How that red rain did make the harvest grow!" Shall we ever forget how, from the remotest corner of the Empire, the scattered sons of the Old Country threw themselves into the fray and a new Imperial unity was forged and consecrated in the mingled blood of British, Canadian, Australian and New Zealand patriots! The Empire to-day is stronger in the consciousness of a common glory, won not only against a gallant and tenacious foe, but in proud defiance of the world banded against us in an enmity which only lacked the courage of its venom. Never will the recollection fade of the great struggle in which Britons from all the oceans stood shoulder to shoulder, proud to proclaim their solidarity in the hour of danger, and to lay down their lives for the honour of their race and the glory of their flag.

From the military aspects of the great war, we turn with not less satisfaction to its statesmanship. If the Empire is proud to-day of the brilliant strategy and patriotic devotion of Roberts and of the organising genius and tenacious persistency of Kitchener, it is equally proud of Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner, who saw so clearly the ends to be struggled for, and who, amidst disaster and obloquy, kept those ends steadily in view, never flinching before either imprecations or entreaty. The peace they promised us is ours to-day, a peace which not only wipes away for ever a shameful page from British history, but which opens a new era for the fair land in which so much brave blood has been shed. From Table Bay to the Zambesi and beyond, British dominion is now a reality. The Dutch Republics, which, as Mr. Bryce admitted in the days before he was a pro-Boer, were a standing menace to the

tranquillity of South Africa, are now things of the past. They are merged in the beginnings of a great Anglo-Afrikaner nation which is now preparing to take its place side by side with the Canadian Dominion and the Australian Commonwealth as a happy and contented daughter nation of the great Mother of Free Communities. The statesmanship which has given us this glorious peace is a sufficient guarantee that the riper fruits of our exertions will be garnered in due season. The task before the nation is a formidable one. The reconstruction of South Africa, the healing of its many wounds, the effacement of all the bitterness born of a tense conflict and sharpened by shattered hopes and poignant sufferings and bereavements, the restoration of order where now is chaos, the planting of contentment and prosperity where now are ruined homesteads and desolate hearths, offer problems before which those of the war itself were of but small account. But we need not despair of their solution. The men who have guided us so successfully to the present peace are equal to the greater task of rendering that peace durable. They have all the qualities—the patriotism, the courage, the patience and the sympathy—before which every difficulty must yield, and if the task prove greater than their physical strength we may count on many others who will be inspired by their example.

Peace and Politics THE re-establishment of peace cannot fail to have a very important effect upon the state of political parties in England. Immediately, the effect will be favourable to the Government, which will win, as it deserves, golden opinions for the very satisfactory terms secured. Whether this gratifying situation will last long is another question. It must be remembered that the present Parliament was elected upon the issue of the war, and with the ending of the war the bond that holds many of its members together is broken. Many Conservatives and Liberal Unionists have undoubtedly given votes in support of the Government measures, that would have been withheld but for the greater evil of embarrassing the Government while the war was in progress. On the other hand the war that united the supporters of the Government disorganised the Opposition, and with the cessation of war it is reasonable to expect that the different sections of the Liberal party will come together again. They have, in fact, already begun to do so. For many weeks past it has been noticeable that the pro-Boers and the Liberal Imperialists were rapidly sinking their differences and preparing for a combined attack upon the Government. They are powerfully aided by the difficulties that underlie the Government Education Bill, and by the unpopularity which the Corn Tax has aroused in working-class constituencies. In attempting, however, to make an estimate of the prospects of the Liberal party at a General Election, the critical question of Home Rule must not be forgotten. If the Liberals try to revert to Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule schemes they will alienate a very large section of their English and Scotch supporters, who are not prepared to hand over Ireland to men who cheer the enemies of the King. If, on the other hand, they offer anything short of Mr. Gladstone's schemes, they will probably lose the Irish vote, not only in Ireland, but also in the large towns. It is a painful dilemma that the Liberal party has inherited from the most brilliant and most costly of all the generals who have ever led it to victory.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

HIS MAJESTY THE KING'S CORONATION.

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The Court

THE Coronation month opens with the blessing of peace, and the King's first words to his people in this notable June are those of hope and thankfulness. King Edward learnt by midnight on Saturday that the Boer delegates were on their way to sign the terms of surrender, and early on Sunday His Majesty was informed that peace was settled. He at once sent a message to the nation in the following terms:—"The King has received the welcome news of the cessation of hostilities in South Africa with infinite satisfaction, and trusts that peace may be speedily followed by the restoration of prosperity in his new dominions, and that the feelings necessarily engendered by war will give place to the earnest co-operation of all His Majesty's South African subjects in promoting the welfare of their common country." The news was sent next to the Prince and Princess of Wales and then to other members of the Royal Family, and although the conclusion of peace was not publicly announced by the time of the morning Service at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, where the King and Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales attended, the Bishop of Kensington very plainly hinted at the subject when preaching before the Royal party.

With loyalty running so high just now, the official celebration of the King's birthday was marked by extra enthusiasm. The feature of the day was, as usual, the trooping of the colour at the Horse Guards, enhanced by the presentation of colours to the new regiment of Irish Guards. The function is always popular, but the crowds of spectators this year were enormous, and they were rewarded by a brilliant scene. The troops were massed on three sides of a square facing the gateway, and in the midst was the military altar, formed of drums and bearing the new colours in their case. At the windows of the Levée Room sat Queen Alexandra in white, surrounded by the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the little Princes Edward and Albert being constantly on the salute, while Princess Victoria sat in her Royal grandmother's lap. The Princess of Wales, Princess Victoria and Prince and Princess Charles were also with the Queen, the Duke of Cambridge standing behind her chair, and at the other windows were the Duchess of Connaught with her daughters, Princess Louise and Princess Henry of Battenberg with her children. The King, wearing the scarlet tunic and busby of a Colonel of the Irish Guards, was on horseback at the saluting base under the gateway, surrounded by the Prince of Wales, as Colonel of the Welsh Fusiliers, and the Duke of Connaught, as Colonel of the Scots Guards, and a large military suite. The King having inspected the troops the ceremony of blessing the colours followed, the Roman Catholic Chaplain first sprinkling them with holy water and reciting a prayer, and Bishop Taylor-Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces saying the Lord's Prayer and the other supplications usual to such ceremonies. The troops also sang a hymn. Then the senior majors brought both the King's Colour and the Regimental Colour to King Edward, who presented them to the senior lieutenant of each battalion, the Subalterns kneeling as they received them. His Majesty made a brief speech, responded to by the commander of the First Battalion, Lieut.-Col. Cooper, and the new Colours were duly "trooped." The King's Colour is of crimson silk, bearing the Royal cypher, surrounded by the collar of the Order of St. Patrick and the Imperial Crown above, while the Regimental Colour is blue, inscribed with the cyphers of Queen Victoria and King Edward to mark that the late Sovereign authorised the regiment, which was raised by the present Monarch. A march past of the troops—some 1,800—completed the function, the Irish Guards, led by Lord Roberts, having the post of honour at the head. There were more military honours to be bestowed, for on his return to Buckingham Palace King Edward presented a State Colour to the King's Company of the Grenadier Guards—according to the custom that this company always receives fresh colours on the accession of a new Sovereign. The next important business of the day was an investiture of the Garter, where the Dukes of Bedford and Marlborough received the Order, being solemnly invested by King Edward with much State. First the King knighted the recipient with the Sword of State, handed by the Prince of Wales, then he buckled on the Garter assisted by the Duke of Connaught, and finally His Majesty put on the Riband, George and Star, presented by Norroy King of Arms, who called over the roll-call of the Knights Companions, each bowing to the King as he passed the Throne.

One more of the many South African war-medal distributions came off on Saturday at Buckingham Palace, when the King made the presentation to thirty-five members of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, chosen as representative of the 2,000 hospital orderlies who have served in the late war. In the evening the band of the Irish Guards played whilst the Royal party were at dinner, the King and Queen and Princess Victoria afterwards going to the Opera. King Edward held another Levée on Monday, when the guard of honour at St. James's Palace was furnished by the Irish Guards, displaying their new colours. The King went to the Derby on Wednesday, giving in the evening his annual Jockey Club dinner. The Queen, meanwhile, dined with the Duchess of Devonshire, where the King joined Her Majesty in time for the Duchess's dance. His Majesty intended to go to the Oaks yesterday (Friday), and the King and Queen would hold another Court at Buckingham Palace in the evening. A Court is also fixed for Friday next.

The Prince of Wales kept his thirty-seventh birthday on Tuesday. The usual honours of Royal salutes and bell-rings were paid to the Prince, while in the evening there was a Royal family dinner party in honour of the anniversary. The Prince and Princess have been to see the display of Austrian arts and furniture, where they had tea with the Austrian Ambassador, and have held a reception of the leading officers of the League of Mercy.

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1.30	The Bull Fight
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The Bystander

"Stand by."—CAPTAIN CUTIE

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY

Is it not time that somebody introduced a bill into the House of Commons for the regulation of aeronauts and the proper control of balloons? There is no doubt the recent advance in ballooning requires efficient legislation to meet the possibilities that improvements in aerial navigation may bring about. It strikes me that eventually we shall be compelled to exercise as rigid a supervision over the ships of clouland as we do with regard to the vehicular traffic of *terra firma*. As matters stand at present the balloon in vindictive or criminal hands appears to be full of danger to the law-abiding population. Supposing, for instance, I am angry at not being invited to a garden-party—I say supposing, for as a general rule I don't care about such entertainments—what is there to prevent me taking a load of gravel up in a balloon, floating over the scene of the fete, and shooting my load down upon the assembled guests and drifting away before they had recovered their surprise at the extraordinary phenomenon. Again, with a light balloon on a dark night a burglar might easily enter your upper windows and be away with his booty long before the household were aroused. Then cannot you imagine a skilful but unprincipled aeronaut coming near the ground, lassoing a stout, opulent banker, hauling him up to the balloon, emptying his pockets, sailing away and putting him down in the next county, with permission to walk home. You may possibly deem these to be exaggerations, but I am inclined to think they are absolutely nothing



ADMIRAL THE HON. SIR HENRY KEPPEL, G.C.B.
PORTRAIT OF THE "FATHER OF THE FLEET," FROM THE PAINTING BY F. BARRAUD, IN THE
ROYAL ACADEMY

to what may result from uncontrolled balloonacy.

In one of the papers I read the other day that Mr. Plowden, the magistrate, regarding Bank Holiday in a holiday humour, discharged two young ladies who were brought before him for dancing on the pavement. Doubtless, he was quite right in this instance, but the conversion of the public pavement into an *al fresco*—not to say all frisky—ballroom, is likely to lead to somewhat embarrassing complications. As long as these votaries of Terpsichore keep to the roadway—as they used to do—and are able to skip out of the way of omnibuses, hansomis, cycles and motor-cars and still keep time with the music it does not much matter, but when they invade the side-walk it becomes a serious affair. I speak from personal experience on last Bank Holiday. I was decorously perambulating the pavement on the proper side, when I became conscious of an organ playing an inspiring waltz. It was so inspiring that it dissipated my serious humour and I smiled blandly and began to nodde my head to the lively measure.

I then became aware that two laughing damsels with linked arms were waltzing in front of me. Not content with this, and seeing I did not absolutely scowl at them, they proceeded to waltz round me and continued to do so with many a merry quip and a hearty jest, till I was clear of the street. I only congratulated myself that I was not seized round the waist and compelled to join the dance without option of refusal. Now supposing an active and intelligent officer had appeared on the scene and run us all in—even if we had appeared before the lenient and genial Mr. Plowden—how awkward



THE EPSOM WEEK: THE ARRIVAL OF COACHES ON THE DOWNS

DRAWN BY J. SANDERSON WELLS



The scene on the island of Martinique when visited by the Press steamer "Guadeloupe," a few days after the outburst, was terrible. The island was hidden behind a huge veil of violet or leaden-coloured haze. Enormous quantities of wreckage of vessels and houses were met with, and huge trees, and often floating bodies, with flocks of gulls soaring above, and sharks fighting about them, were floating here and there. The city of St. Pierre had stretched nearly two miles along the water and half a mile back to

the cliff to the base of the volcano, where the houses of the richer French families had been built of stones. The ruins were still burning. A landing was effected with great difficulty. Not a house was intact; everywhere were viscous heaps of mud, of brighter ashes, or piles of volcanic stones. The streets could hardly be traced. Here and there amid the ruins, heaps of corpses, almost all face downward, could be seen

THE VOLCANIC OUTBURST IN THE WEST INDIES: THE RUINS OF ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

DRAWN BY FRANK DADD, R.I.

it would have been for me! Though I might have been discharged with a caution, think what headlines the evening journals might have displayed. "The Bystander in trouble again!" "The Bystander and the Bear!" "The Bystander's Bank Holiday!" "The Bystander's Bolero!" "The Bystander's Bouleversement!" All these startling announcements would have given the keenest enjoyment to my friends when they were wending their way home in the evening and would have sharpened their appetite for dinner as they chuckled at their clubs or talked the matter over with their families. This little story goes to show that though dancing on the pavement is apparently a harmless form of enjoyment, it undoubtedly has its dangers as well as its delights.

It is to be hoped my notion for placing the labels, inscribed on both sides, containing the names of the streets in London, at right angles to the houses, which I understand is being tried in Westminster, may be generally adopted. Indeed, it is so founded on sound common sense that it is a wonder it did not become universal years ago. Probably because the plan is so obvious and so reasonable is why it has been so long neglected. It might be utilised, too, for the names over shop-fronts and for any public announcements. As things are at present, you never can see the name and number of a shop till you get nearly opposite it, whereas the sign of an inn, when it is properly displayed, is distinctly visible from either end of the street. This plan should also be adopted at railway stations, for when the name is, as it is at present, placed flat against the wall, it is well-nigh impossible to see it unless your carriage should happen to stop directly opposite. If you are travelling by express it is very difficult to read the names of the stations as you are rapidly whirled by them, whereas if my plan were adopted it would be easy enough.

Music of the Week

THE Wagner Cycles at Covent Garden have now concluded, and although we shall from time to time, no doubt, hear some of the master's advanced operas, yet during the festivities now at hand music of a lighter character will be more *à propos*. Indeed, the largest audiences down to date have beyond question been for old and new Italian operas, sung by Madame Melba and Signor Caruso, the two together forming a double attraction which has drawn Royalty and the wealthy classes every night on which they have appeared. This week Madame Melba has not sung at Covent Garden, but instead a performance of *Lucia* was announced, with Mlle. Regina Pacini as the heroine, the opera being, however, revived in its entirety more especially for the *finale*, in which Edgar of Ravenswood finds himself among the tombs of his ancestors, and dies to Italian melody, his retainers making not the slightest effort to send for a doctor. Owing to the beauty of its music, this scene has always been popular with Italian tenors. *Aida*, also, was announced later in the week for Signor Caruso.

The only absolute production of the week was *Die Meistersinger*. Better performances have been witnessed at Covent Garden, and another rehearsal would perhaps have enabled Herr Lohse to keep his orchestra more in hand. The tempi were at times much dragged, and also the band were allowed to nearly drown the voice of the Eva, Madame Suzanne Adams, who now sang the part for the first time in London. When she is less nervous Madame Adams will probably prove an excellent representative of the goldsmith's affectionate daughter, particularly if she has a more vocal partner than Herr Kraus, who, owing to the illness of so many of the German tenors of the company, was brought over from Berlin to make his first appearance these two years in the part of Walther. He knows the traditions of the rôle thoroughly, and acted the part well; but his singing is very German indeed. The best features of the performance were the fine rendering of the music of Hans Sachs by Herr Van Rooy, and the bright impersonation of the apprentice and his sweetheart by Herr Reiss and Fr. Metzger.

Performances of Goetz's *Taming of the Shrew* were given in English by the pupils of the Guildhall School of Music on Monday and Tuesday. A hearty word of praise is due to the Petruchio of Mr. H. J. Corner.

Herr Richard Strauss is also back in London and is giving some performances at Queen's Hall. Later in the week he will conduct three of his symphonic poems, extremely advanced works, the merits of which have aroused a good deal of discussion in Germany. Here, however, they have more than one before been heard, and the public have been able to judge for themselves. Whatever difference of opinion there may be concerning Herr Richard Strauss as a composer, there can be only one as to his merits as a conductor. On Saturday he directed the first performance given here on a large scale for a great many years of Schumann's *Manfred*. The work was in the forties much altered (and not improved) by Schumann from Lord Byron's poem, and the German version was now recited by Herr von Possart, an elocutionist of the school of Phelps, rather given to monotone, though otherwise very fine. The music, which consists of the well-known overture and fifteen other numbers, was magnificently rendered by the orchestra and chorus.

Herr Johann Strauss, who appeared with the Imperial Orchestra from Vienna at the Empire on Monday afternoon, is, of course, in no way related to Herr Richard Strauss. Indeed, the style of the two is diametrically opposed. Herr Richard Strauss is a modern of the moderns, while Herr Johann Strauss follows in the footsteps of his predecessors of the same name, who have been renowned in Vienna for waltz and other dance music for three-quarters of a century.

M. Kubelik has given several concerts, with the assistance of his Bohemian orchestra, the best of them, perhaps, being that which took place at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when the band played their fellow countryman Smetana's symphonic poem, "Bohemia's Forests and Meadows," and M. Kubelik himself gave a fine performance of an air by Bach, and a brilliant rendering of Wilhelmj's version of the first Paganini concerto.

A Retrospect of the War

By CAPTAIN THOMAS CARLISLE

It was on October 11, 1899, that the ultimatum presented to this country by the Pretoria Government expired, and three days afterwards the Boer forces were set in movement. There was optimism in the very air: the Boers, it was declared, could not muster 20,000 fighters at the most; they had neither discipline, campaigning equipment, nor skilled commanders; as soon as our reinforcements arrived, the advance to Pretoria would be little more than a promenade. There were a few, however, who, from their knowledge of the Boers, expressed different opinions, but their warning voices were hushed to silence by the initial successes of our arms at Talana Hill and Elandslaagte. It was in the latter engagement that General French, then only a colonel, first made his mark as a brilliant tactician. But as the Boers became more numerous, it became evident to General White that he had nothing for it but to fall back on Ladysmith, and not without great difficulty did he succeed in concentrating his too-scattered forces at that town. On November 2 Ladysmith was completely cut off from its base, and although the Boers' concerted attack a week afterwards was gallantly repulsed with heavy loss to the assailants, they never released their strangling clutch of General White's position.

But while thus taking the field in overpowering strength on the eastern side of the Orange Free State, the enemy had plenty of fighting men to carry on hostilities on the west and north-west. Mafeking and Kimberley, with weak but resolute garrisons, had to keep largely superior forces at bay as best they could until rescue arrived, while Lord Methuen, in command of a considerable body of picked troops, found himself faced by 10,000 or 12,000 Boers. His victories at Belmont and the Modder River were barren of any real benefit; in both instances he employed frontal attacks against

almost impregnable to direct attack, it might be turned on the eastern side by a flank movement. Fortunately for us, Cronje refused to believe, when warned of that danger, that the English, with their heavy baggage, would ever leave the railway, and, feeling confident on that point, he continued on the watch for a repetition of the Magersfontein assault. But Lord Roberts, after despatching General French, with the Cavalry Division and Horse Artillery, to Kimberley, by a circuitous route, moved the rest of his force round the Boer flank, and it was not until his line of retreat was fatally compromised that Cronje awoke to a perception of the danger he was in. It was then too late for escape: hemmed in at Laardeberg by a greatly superior force, the fugitive Boers had nothing for it but to surrender on February 27, after gallantly withstanding a terrible bombardment for some days. On the following day the relief of Ladysmith was at last accomplished by Sir Redvers Buller, after some severe fighting at several points, and, for the first time since the war began, the Boers were seen hurrying back from both lines of advance. The besiegers of Ladysmith got away across the Drakensberg without effective pursuit, but Lord Roberts followed up his capture of Cronje's whole command by pushing on, hot foot, towards Bloemfontein, and, after two sharp engagements, he marched in on March 13, the garrison falling back on Kroonstad. Mafeking was not relieved until May 17, having thus successfully stood siege for seven months, the siege of Kimberley having lasted for four months, and that of Ladysmith for a little less.

After giving his nearly exhausted troops a good spell of rest at Bloemfontein, Lord Roberts moved forwards through Kroonstad to the Vaal, and having crossed the river, proclaimed the annexation of the Orange Free State. Two days afterwards, on May 28, President Kruger fled from Pretoria, which was occupied on June 5 by the victors, the British flag having been hoisted there on June 1, exactly two years to a day prior to the final surrender.

With both capitals in English possession, and both Boer Governments in hiding, it was natural to assume, as Lord Roberts did, that the war was at an end. This seemed still more certain when Commandant Prinsloo with 3,000 Boers, surrendered to General Hunter after comparatively slight fighting. On October 19, too, Mr. Kruger embarked for Europe at Lorenzo Marques, as if recognising the futility of further resistance, and Lord Roberts, who had undergone a somewhat serious strain, had the fullest excuse, therefore, for devolving the supreme command on Lord Kitchener. But the other Boer commanders refused to follow Prinsloo's example; breaking up their forces into comparatively small bodies, they adopted guerrilla tactics, and left to our troops the immensely arduous task of hunting them down in detail over an enormous and highly mountainous area. It was by far the most difficult labour of the entire campaign, and but for Lord Kitchener's resourcefulness in inventing the blockhouse system of warfare, it might have gone on for several more years. That clever method, aided by intermittent drives, happily proved wonderfully effective; whether the harassed commandoes turned in one direction or in another, they were sure to find superior forces behind them and equally sure to discover their line of flight closed by one of Lord Kitchener's deadly barriers. It would be an endless fatality to attempt a narrative of a campaign carried on in this desultory manner. Its main characteristics were hard and almost continuous fighting on both sides, clever surprises and equally clever escapes from surprise, splendid personal bravery, and a degree of mobility and of endurance without parallel in any modern war. Our mounted troops, especially the auxiliaries, learned from the enemy how to dispense with other supplies than those they carried with them, and also acquired invaluable knowledge about the treatment of horses when doing hard work. It is not too much to say that the Imperial Yeomanry and the Mounted Infantry who have gone through this curriculum under Lord Kitchener are second to no irregulars in efficiency. It will be a great pity, therefore, if they are disbanded and sent adrift; there should be room found for them in the military organisation of our Empire, which has always been very weak in really light cavalry.

With the Mekran Escort in Perso-Baluchistan

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"After the taking of Nodiz Fort, when some severe fighting took place, the force under Major Tighe, D.S.O., accompanied Colonel Showers, the Political Agent, into Perso-Baluchistan. At Magos they met the Persian Governor of Kirman and his army, and were received in a most friendly manner, a Perso-British gymkhana being arranged in their honour. The programme included wrestling, camel and horse races, and mule-back wrestling. The latter event proved most exciting, and was much appreciated by the Persian Governor: mountain-battery drivers, mounted on battery mules, were the competitors. The day after our arrival was devoted to the demolition of Magos Fort; over 400lb. of gun-cotton was required for this, as the fort is one of the largest in the whole district, and over 500 years old. After a few days' rest the escort proceeded further into East Persia, through the Jalk Valley, where no less than seven forts were demolished by our men. Beyond this the country becomes barren, and a forced march through fifty miles of waterless desert was necessary. The escort (27th Baluch Light Infantry) were ordered to mount baggage camels—a new departure for both camels and men, few of whom remained on their mounts, and the whole plain was soon covered with bolting camels and indignant Pathans. For some days subsequently the supply of water was chiefly from a single well at each stage. This could be supplemented by digging in nullah beds and obtaining thence water so brackish as to be scarcely drinkable. The luxury of a wash for five days had to be dispensed with, and the baggage camels died off in numbers. The brackish water brought on dysentery among a large number of the men, and scurvy became prevalent both among officers and men. At Khwash our troubles in these respects were mostly over, and it was quite a sight to see the camels bolt for the water as soon as we approached. From Khwash the escort proceeded by night marches to Quetta, and Nushki."



An officer who sent us this photograph from Britstown, South Africa, writes:—"Our Colonials are often seen standing on their horses' backs when scouting, but it may not be generally known that our blockhouse men are becoming adepts at wire-walking for the same purpose."

A WIRE-WALKING SCOUT

positions of formidable strength, and although the splendid gallantry of the Guards and the Highlanders would not be denied, Lord Methuen had to make half-past pending the arrival of reinforcements.

It was at this time that a whole series of severe disasters in quick succession brought home to the national mind the urgent necessity for sending out many more troops. The crushing defeat at General Gatacre at Stormberg, Lord Methuen's terrible repulse at Magersfontein, and, finally, General Buller's failure to make any impression on the Boer position at Colenso, quickly uprooted all complacent view of the situation; it was recognised at last that the war, instead of being a sort of military picnic as it was at first considered, had assumed a magnitude demanding much greater sacrifices and much more strenuous exertions.

Orders were accordingly given for the immediate mobilisation of the Seventh Division, and Lord Roberts was appointed to the supreme command in South Africa, with Lord Kitchener, fresh from his brilliant achievements in the Soudan, as Chief of the Staff. Simultaneously, a scheme was arranged for employing Yeomanry and Volunteers, with their own consent, on active service, and by the end of 1899 the City of London had raised the notable citizen battalion which earned such high distinction under the popular name of the "C.I.V."

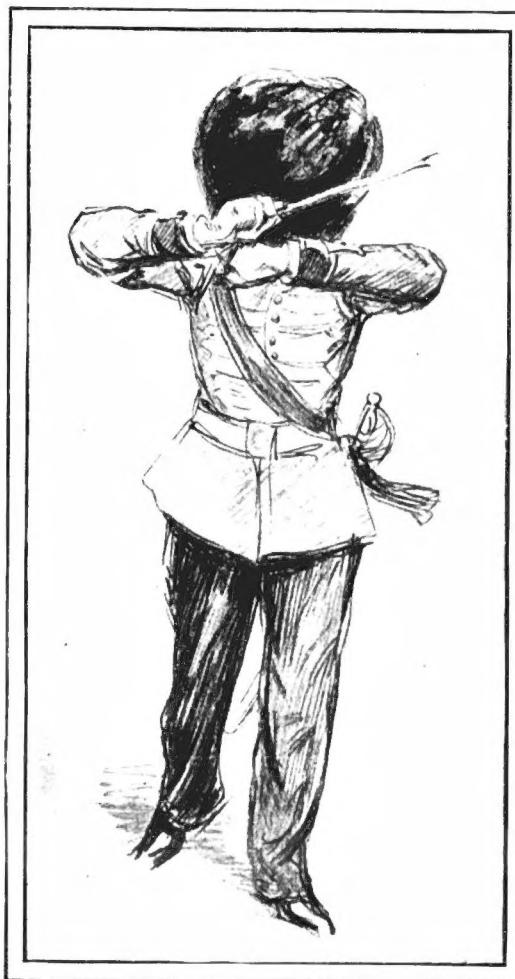
As soon as Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener had arrived, they at once hurried forward the reinforcements to Lord Methuen's command at the Modder River. It was not, however, until February 9 that the Commander-in-Chief joined the camp and assumed command. He recognised at once that although the enormously strong position held by General Cronje was



"GOD SAVE



OUR GRACIOUS



KING

MR. J. MACKENZIE ROGAN, who, as senior bandmaster of the Brigade of Guards, was mainly responsible for the music at the

parade on the King's birthday, is bandmaster of the Coldstream Guards, the late Fred Godfrey's old regiment, and one of the best bands in the Army. Mr. Rogan, who is an enthusiastic musician, has recently been engaged in arranging for military bands some of the old traditional melodies of India; and he has also attracted a

good deal of attention by his efforts to encourage music by British composers for Army use.



THY CHOICEST GIFTS IN STORE ON HIM BE PLEASED TO POUR



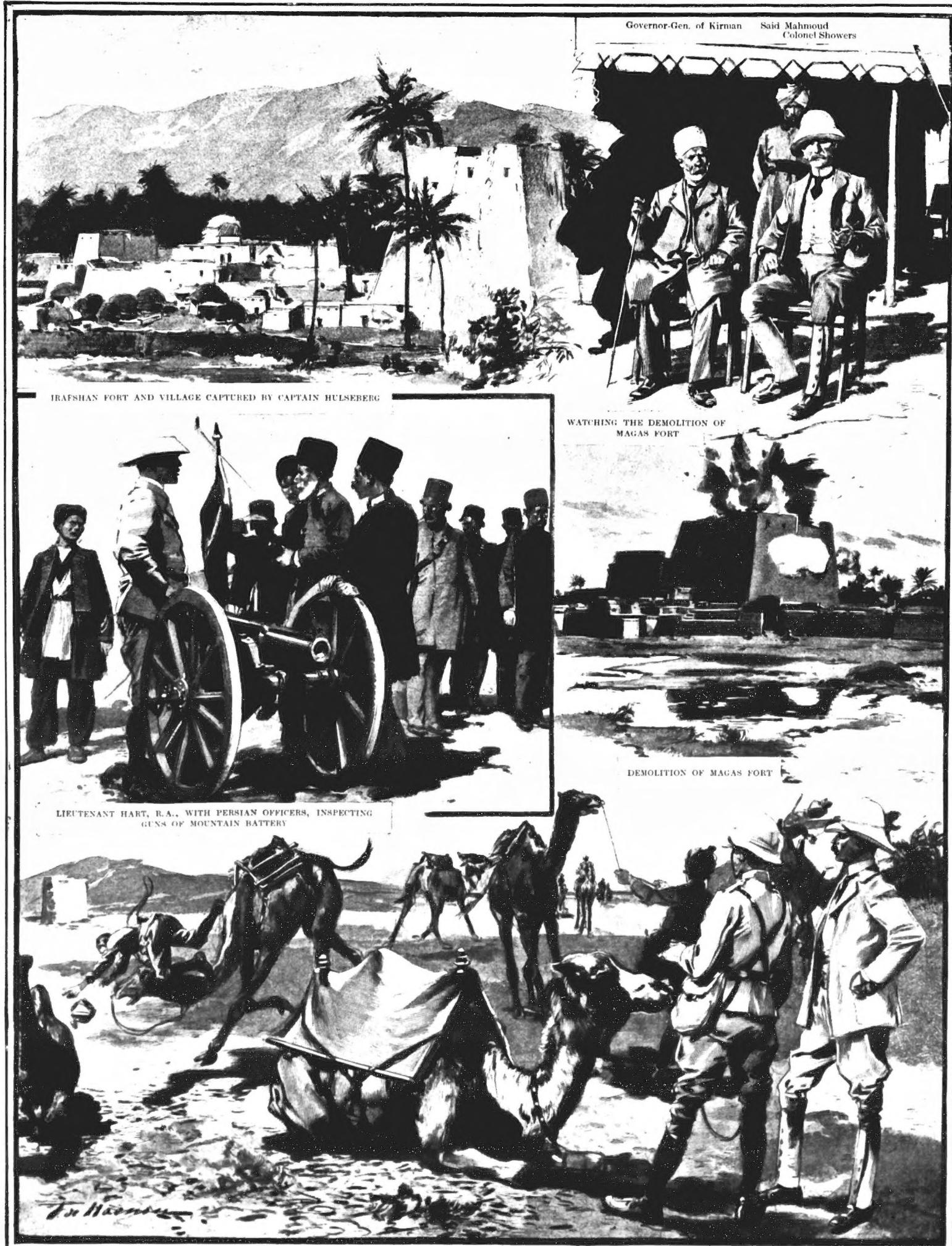
SEND HIM VICTORIOUS, HAPPY AND GLORIOUS,

"GOD SAVE THE KING"

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY PAUL RENOARD



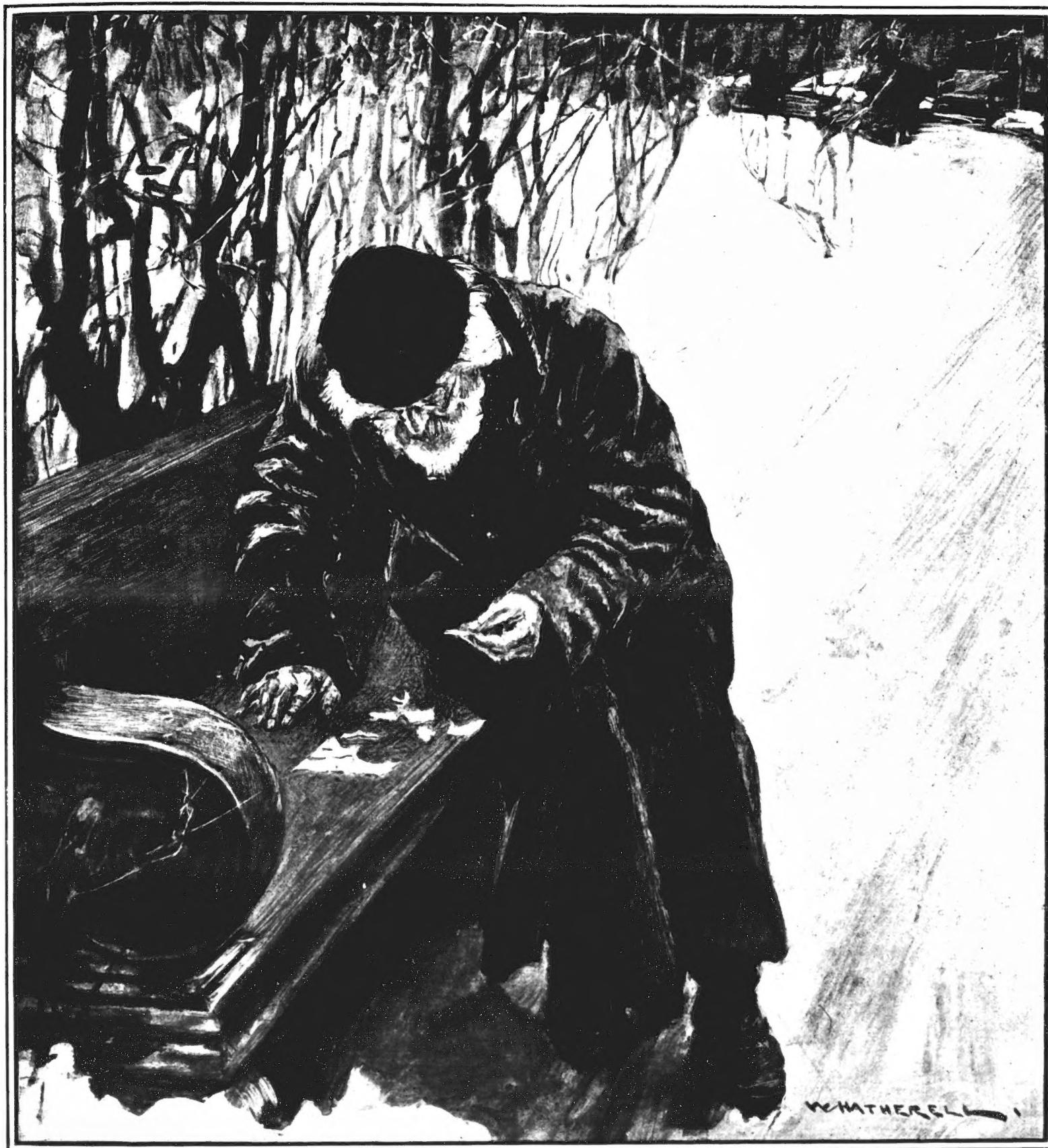
LONG TO REIGN OVER US, GOD SAVE THE KING



DRAWN BY F. DE HAENES

FROM SKETCHES AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY LIEUTENANT G. P. GRANT

FIRST ATTEMPTS AT CAMEL-RIDING
WITH THE MEKRN EXPEDITION IN PERSO-BALUCHISTAN



"In a moment he had them in order, and had pieced together the upper half of the paper"

THE VULTURES

A STORY OF 1881

By HENRY SETON MERRIMAN. Illustrated by W. HATHERELL, R.I.

CHAPTER XXXII.

(Continued)

She tore the letter into small pieces, and threw it behind the heap of snow at the back of the seat upon which she sat. Then she rose, looked at the bunch of violets still lying where she had laid them, and walked slowly away. She glanced over her shoulder at the old man sitting beneath the leafless trees at the other side of the broad avenue. He sat huddled within the high collar of his coat, and heeded nothing. There was no one near to the seat she had just vacated, and Martin was now going to

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wards it. She hurried to the Saxon Palace, and as she passed beneath its arches turned just in time to see Martin bend over the stone seat and take up his talisman. He did it without disguise or haste. Anyone may pick up a flower, especially one that has been dropped by a pretty girl.

Martin walked on, and turned to the left down the path that leads to the Kotzebue gate.

Then the old man on the seat nearly opposite to that upon which Netty had been sitting seemed to arouse himself from the lethargy of misery. He turned his head within his high collar, and watched Martin until he was out of sight. Netty had disappeared almost at once beneath the arches of the covered passages of the palace.

After a pause the old man rose, and crossing the pathway, sat down on the seat vacated by Netty. He waited there a few minutes until the passers-by had their back turned towards him, and there was no one near enough to notice his movements. Then he stepped, nimbly enough, across the bank of grey snow, and collected the pieces of the letter which Netty had thrown there. He brought them back to the stone seat, and spread them out there, like parts of a puzzle. He was, it seemed, an expert at such things; for in a moment he had them in order, and had pieced together the upper half of the paper. Moreover, he must have been a linguist; the note was written in English, and this Warsaw waif of the public gardens seemed to read it without difficulty.

"That of which you will not let me tell you is for to-night," he read, and instantly felt for his watch within the folds of his ancient clothing. It was not yet midday. But the man seemed suddenly in a flurry, as if there were more to be done before nightfall than he could possibly compass.

He collected the papers, and placed them carefully inside a shabby purse. Then he rose and departed in the direction of the Governor-General's palace. He must have been pressed for time, because he quite forgot to walk with the deliberation that would have beseemed his apparent years.

Netty walked round the outside of the garden, and ultimately turned into the Senatorska, the street recommended to her by her uncle as being composed of the best shops in the town. Oddly enough, she met Joseph Mangles there—not loitering near the windows—but hurrying along.

"Ah!" he said, "thought I might meet you here."

He was, it appeared, as simple as other old gentlemen, and leapt to the conclusion that if Netty was out of doors she must necessarily be in the Senatorska. He suited his pace to hers. His head was thrust forward, and he appeared to have something to think about; for he offered no remark for some minutes.

"The mail is in," he then observed, in his usual lugubrious tone, as if the post had brought him his death-warrant.

"Ah!" answered Netty, glancing up at him. She was sure that something had happened. "Have you had important news?"

"Had nothing by the mail," he answered; looking straight in front of him. And Netty asked no more questions.

"Your Aunt Jooly," he said, after a pause, "has had an interesting mail. She has been offered the Presidency—"

"Of the United States?" asked Netty, with a little laugh, seeing that Joseph paused.

"Not yet," he answered, with deep gravity. "Of the Massachusetts Women Bachelors' Federation."

"Oh!"

"She'll accept," opined Joseph P. Mangles, lugubriously.

"Is it a great honour?"

"There are different sorts of greatness," Joseph replied.

"What is the Massachusetts Women Bachelors' Federation?"

Joseph Mangles did not reply immediately. He stepped out into the road to allow a lady to pass. He was an American gentleman of the old school, and still offered to the stronger sex that which they intend to take for themselves in future.

"Think it is like the blue ribbon army," he said, when he returned to Netty's side. "The sight of the ribbon induces the curious to offer the abstainer drink. The Massachusetts Bachelor Women advertise their membership of the Federation, just to see if there is any man around who will induce 'em to resign."

"Is Aunt Julie pleased?" asked Netty.

"Almighty," was the brief reply. "And she will accept it. She will marry the paid secretary. They have a paid secretary. President usually marries him. He is not a bachelor-woman. They're mostly worms—the men that help women to make fools of themselves."

This was very strong language for Uncle Joseph, who usually seemed to have a latent admiration for his gifted sister's greatness. Netty suspected that he was angry, or put out by something else, and made the Massachusetts Women Bachelors bear the brunt of his displeasure.

"She is a masterful woman is Aunt Jooly," he said, "she'll give him his choice between dismissal and an earthly paradise."

Netty laughed soothingly, and glanced up at him again. He was walking along with huge, lanky strides much more hurriedly than he was aware of. His head was thrust forward, and his chin went first as if to push a way through a crowded world.

And it was borne in upon Netty that Uncle Joseph had received some order; that he was pluming his ragged old wings for flight.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THIS ICE

It was not yet midday when Paul Deulin called at the Bukaty Palace.

"Is the Prince in?" he asked. "Is he busy?" he added, when the servant had stood back with a gesture inviting him to enter. But the man only shrugged his shoulders, with a smile. The Prince, it appeared, was never busy. Deulin found him, in fact, in an armchair in his study, reading a German newspaper.

The Prince looked at him over the folded sheet. They had known each other since boyhood, and could read perhaps more in each other's wrinkled and drawn faces than the eyes of a younger generation were able to perceive. The Prince pointed to the vacant armchair at the other side of the fireplace. Deulin took the chair with that leisureliness of movement and demeanour of which Lady Orlay, and Cartoner, and others who were intimate with him, knew the inner meaning. His eyes were oddly bright.

They waited until the servant had closed the door behind him, and even then they did not speak at once, but sat looking at each other in the glow of the wood fire. Then Deulin shrugged his shoulders, and made, with both hands outspread, a gesture indicative of infinite pity.

"So you knew?" said the Prince, grimly.

"I knew at eight o'clock this morning. Cartoner advised me of it by a cipher telegram."

"Cartoner?" said the Prince, interrogatively.

"Cartoner is in Petersburg. He went there presumably to attend this—pleasing dénouement."

The Prince gave a short laugh.

"How well," he said folding his newspaper, and laying it aside, reflectively, "how well that man knows his business. But why did he telegraph to you?"

"We sometimes do each other a good turn," explained Deulin rather curtly. "It must have happened yesterday afternoon. One can only hope that—it was soon over."

The Prince laughed, and looked across at the Frenchman with a glitter beneath his shaggy brows.

"My friend," he said, "you must not ask me to get up any sentiment on this occasion. Do not let us attempt to be anything but what God made us—plain men, with a few friends whom one would regret; and a number of enemies of whose death one naturally learns with equanimity. The man was a thief. He was a great man and in a great position, which only made him the greater thief."

The Prince moved his crippled legs with an effort, and contemplated the fire.

"He is dead," he went on, after a pause, "and there is an end to it. I do not pray that he may go to eternal punishment. I only want him to be dead; and he is dead. Voila! it is a matter of rejoicing."

"You are a ruffian; I always said you were a ruffian," said Deulin, gravely.

"I am a man, my friend, who has an object in life. An object, moreover, which cannot take into consideration a human life here or there, a human happiness more or less. You see, I do not even ask you to agree with me or to approve of me."

"My friend, in the course of a long life I have learnt only one effective lesson—to judge no man," put in Deulin.

"Remember," continued the Prince, "I deplore the method. I understand it was a bomb. I take no part in such proceedings. They are bad policy. You will see—we shall both see, if we live long enough—that this is a mistake. It will alienate all sympathies from the party. They have not even dared to approach me with any suggestion of co-operation. They have approached others of the Polish party and have been sent about their business. But—well, one would be a fool not to take advantage of every mishap to one's enemy."

Deulin held up one hand in a gesture imploring silence.

"Thin ice!" he said, warningly.

"Bah!" laughed the other. "You and your thin ice! I am no diplomatist—a man who is afraid to look over a wall."

"No. Only a man who prefers to find out what is on the other side by less obvious means," corrected the Frenchman. "One must not be seen looking over one's neighbour's wall—that is the first commandment of diplomacy."

"Then why are you here?" asked the Prince abruptly, with his rough laugh.

And Paul Deulin suddenly lost his temper. He sat bolt upright in his chair, and banged his two hands down on the arms of it so that the dust flew out. He glared across at the Prince with a fierceness in his eyes that had not glittered there for twenty years.

"You think I came here to pry into your affairs—to turn our friendship into a means for my own aggrandisement? You think that I report to my Government that which you and I may say to each other, or leave unsaid, before your study fire? Was it not I who cried 'Thin ice'?"

"Yes—yes," answered the Prince shortly. And the two old friends glared at each other gleams of the fires that had burnt fiercely enough in other days. "Yes—yes! but why are you here this morning?"

"Why am I here this morning? I will tell you. I ask you no questions. I want to know nothing of your schemes and plans. You can run your neck into a noose if you like. You have been doing it all your life. And—who knows?—you may win at last. As for Martin, you have brought him up in the same school. And, bon Dieu! I suppose you are Bukaty, and you cannot help it. It is your affair, after all. But you shall not push Wanda into a Russian prison! You shall not get her to Siberia, if I can help it!"

"Wanda!" said the Prince, in some surprise, "Wanda!"

"Yes. You forget—you Bukaty always have forgotten—the women. Warsaw is no place for Wanda to-day. And to-day's work—to-night's work—is no work for Wanda!"

"To-night's work! What do you mean?"

The Prince sat forward and looked hard at his friend.

"Oh! you need not be alarmed. I know nothing," was the answer. "But I am not a complete fool. I put two and two together at random. I only guess, as you know. I have guessed all my life. And as often as not I have guessed right, as you know. Ah! you think I am interfering in that which is not my business, and I do not care a snap of the finger what you think!"

And he illustrated this indifference with a gesture of his finger and thumb.

The Prince laughed suddenly and boisterously.

"If I did not know that you had broken your heart—more than once—long ago," he began. But Deulin interrupted him.

"Only once," he put in, with a short, hard laugh.

"Well, only once, then. I should say that you had fallen in love with Wanda."

"Ah!" said Deulin, lightly, "that is an old affair. That

happened when she used to ride upon my shoulder. And one keeps a tenderness for one's old loves, you know."

"Well, and what do you propose to do? I tell you honestly I have had no time to think of my own affairs. I have had no courage to think of them, perhaps. I have been at work all night. Yes, yes! I know! Thin ice! You ought to know it when you see it. You have been on it all your life, and through it—"

"Only once," repeated Deulin. "I propose what any other young lover would propose to do—to run away with her from Warsaw."

"When?"

Deulin looked at his watch.

"In half an hour. Thin's of the risks, Bukaty—a young girl."

And he saw a sudden fierceness in the old man's eyes. The point was gained.

"I could take her to Cracow this evening. Your sister there will take her in."

"Yes, yes! But will Wanda go?"

"If you tell her to go she will. I think that is the only power on earth that can make her do it."

The Prince smiled.

"You seem to know her failings. You are no lover, my friend."

"That is a question in which we are both beyond our depth. You will do this thing for me. I come back in half an hour."

"What about the passport, and the difficulties of getting away from Warsaw to-day? What we know others must know now," asked the Prince.

"Leave those matters to me. You can safely do so. Please do not move. I will find my way to the door, thank you."

"If you see Wanda as you go," called out the Prince, as Deulin closed the door behind him, "send her to me."

Deulin did see Wanda. He had always intended to do so. He went to the drawing-room and there found her, busy over some household books. He held out beneath her eyes the telegram he had received that morning.

"A telegram," she said, looking at it. "But I cannot make out its meaning. I never saw or heard of that word before."

"Nevertheless the news it contains will stir the blood of men till the end of time," answered Deulin, lightly. "It is from a reliable source. Cartoner sent it. Upon that news your father is basing that which he wishes to say to you in his study now."

"Ah!" said Wanda, with a ring of anxiety in her voice.

"It is nothing!" put in Deulin quickly, at the sight of her face. "Nothing that need disturb your thoughts or mine. It is only a question of Empires and Kingdoms."

With his light laugh, he turned away from her, and was gone before she could ask him a question.

In half an hour he returned. He had a cab waiting at the door, and the passport difficulty had been overcome, he said.

"The man in the street," he added, turning to the Prince, sitting beside Wanda, who stood before the study fire in her furs, ready to go, "the man in the street and the innumerable persons who carry swords in this city know nothing."

"They will know at the frontier," answered the Prince, "and it is there that you will have difficulties."

"Then it is there that we shall overcome them," he replied, gaily. "It is there also, I hope, that we shall dine. For I have had no lunch. No matter, I lunched yesterday. I shall eat things in the train, and Wanda will hate me. I always hate other people's crumbs, while for my own I have a certain tenderness. Yes. Now let us say good-bye and be gone."

For Paul Deulin's gaiety always rose to the emergency of the moment. He came of a stock that had made jests on the guillotine steps. He was suddenly pressed for time, and had scarcely a moment in which to bid his old friend good-bye, and no leisure to make those farewell speeches which are nearly always better left unsaid.

"I must ask you," he said to Wanda, when they were in the cab, "to drive round by the Europe, and keep you waiting a few moments while I run upstairs and put together my belongings. I shall give up my room. I may not come back. One never knows."

And he looked curiously out of the cab window into the street that had run with blood twice within his own recollection. He peered into the faces of the passers-by, as into the faces of men who were to-day, and to-morrow would be as the seed of grass.

In the Cracow Faubourg all seemed to be as usual. Some were going about their business without haste or enthusiasm, as the conquered races always seem to do, while others appeared to have no business at all beyond a passing interest in the shop windows and a leisurely sense of enjoyment in the sunshine. The quieter thoroughfares were quieter than usual, Deulin thought. But he made no comment, and Wanda seemed to be fully occupied with her own thoughts. The long-expected, when it comes at last, is really more surprising than the unexpected itself.

It was the luncheon hour at the Hotel de l'Europe, but the entrance hall was less encumbered with hats and fur coats than was usual between twelve and two. The man in the street might, as he had said, know nothing; but others, and notably the better-born, knew now that the Czar was dead.

As Deulin was preparing to open the carriage door, Wanda spoke for the first time.

"What will you do about the Mangles?" she asked. "We cannot let them remain here unwarmed."

Deulin reflected for a moment.



COUNT METAXAS
Newly appointed Greek Ambassador



THE LATE MAJOR-GENERAL R. J. C. MARTER
Who captured Cetewayo



THE LATE MR. F. B. G. JENKINSON
Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons



THE LATE EARL OF CHICHESTER



THE LATE LIEUTENANT A. E. A. COWAN
Died of enteric fever at Elandsfontein

"I had forgotten them," he answered. "In times of stress one finds out one's friends, because the others are forgotten. I will say a word to Mangles, if you like."

"Yes," answered Wanda, sitting back in the cab so that no one should see her, "yes, do that."

"Odd people women are," said Deulin to himself, as he hurried upstairs. He must really have been in readiness to depart, for he came down again almost at once, followed by a green-aproned porter carrying his luggage.

"I looked into Mangle's salon," he said to Wanda, when he was seated beside her again. "He remains here alone. The ladies have already gone. They must have taken the mid-day train to Germany. He is no fool—that Mangles. But this morning he is dumb. He would say nothing."

At the station and at the frontier there were, as the Prince had predicted, difficulties, and Deulin overcame them with the odd mixture of good-humour and high-handedness which formed his method of ruling men. He seemed to be in good spirits, and always confident.

"They know," he said, when Wanda and he were safely seated in the Austrian railway carriage. "They all know. Look at their stupid, perturbed faces. We have slipped across the frontier before they have decided whether they are standing on their heads or their heels. Ah! what a thing it is to have a smile to show the world!"

"Or a grin," he added, after a long pause, "that passes for one."

(To be continued)

Our Portraits

MR. FRANCIS BROXHOLM GREY JENKINSON, C.I.E., was the Clerk Assistant of the House of Commons. Mr. Jenkinson began his career in the early sixties. He was appointed Second Clerk Assistant on the retirement of Sir Erskine May in 1886, and became Clerk Assistant on the promotion of Sir Archibald Milman to the principal chair on the retirement of Sir Reginald Palgrave. Our portrait is by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

The Right Hon. Walter John Pelham, fourth Earl of Chichester, Baron Pelham of Stammer, was the eldest son of the third Earl. He was born at Stammer Park on September 22, 1838, and was educated at Harrow and at Trinity College, Cambridge, taking his M.A. in 1859. At a very early age he was appointed a Deputy Lieutenant for Sussex, of which county his father was Lord Lieutenant, and he was also a magistrate for the county, and had been chairman of the East Sussex Quarter Sessions and a county alderman. In 1865 he was returned in the Liberal interest for Lewes, and continued to represent the borough till 1874, when he retired. He was a large landowner in Sussex, and was proud of his family connection with the Great Protector, the second Baron Pelham of Stammer having married Annie, a great-granddaughter of Oliver Cromwell. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

His Excellency Monsieur D. G. de Metaxas, who for some years has been known in London as a genial and versatile diplomat, and has had a notable career as Greek *Chargé d'Affaires*, has now been appointed the full Ambassador of Greece at the Court of St. James's. As *Chargé d'Affaires*, M. le Metaxas and his charming and gifted wife have long been favourites in Court and other circles, and the appointment will give satisfaction to his many friends in this country as well as in his own. Our portrait is by Lafayette, Dublin.

Major-General Richard James Coombe Marter, late 1st (King's) Dragoon Guards, was born in 1833. In 1853 he entered the Army and was gazetted lieutenant in 1853, captain in 1862, and major in 1877. He served with the 1st Dragoon Guards in the Zulu War of 1879 from April 9 and commanded a detached squadron of his regiment in the field from

June 1 until the conclusion of the campaign. He was mentioned in the despatches and promoted to be battalion lieutenant-colonel "in recognition of the service performed by him in having effected the capture of Cetewayo, the Zulu King, in the Ngome forest." Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

Second Lieutenant Arthur Ernest Alphonsus Cowan, of the 2nd Dragoon Guards (Queen's Bays), who died at Elandsfontein on April 11, 1902, from enteric fever, was in his twenty-second year. He obtained a commission in the Antrim Artillery (the Southern Division of the Royal Artillery) Militia in 1890, from which he passed, on October 12th last, into the Queen's Bays. He had seen a good deal of service in South Africa, and had been awarded a medal with clasp. He was the third son of the late Sir Edward Porter Cowan, L.L., of Antrim, and Lady Cowan of Craigavon, County Down, and 65, Fitzwilliam Square, Dublin. Our portrait is by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street.

The Week in Parliament

BY HENRY W. LUCY

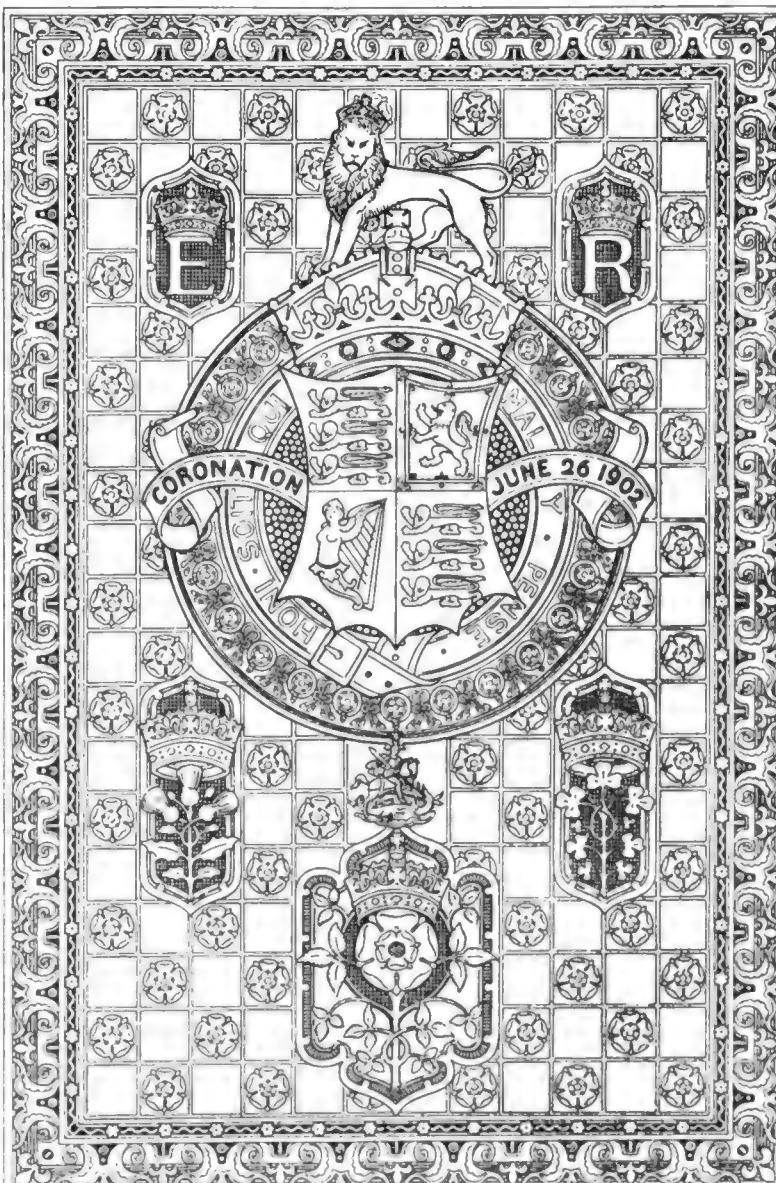
The scene, alike in Lords and Commons, on announcement of the terms of surrender of the Boers was equal to the historic occasion. It lacked something in the matter of expectancy and surprise. When, on Friday in last week, the House of Commons adjourned, it held Mr. Balfour's conditional promise to make a statement on Monday with reference to the situation in South Africa. He was not quite certain that he would be able to fulfil the engagement. There was "the shadow of a doubt." The publication of the correspondence respecting the settlement enables us to see exactly what was in Mr. Balfour's mind when on Thursday he made that cryptic remark. At five minutes past five on Thursday morning the Colonial Office received from Lord Milner a telegram dated 11.10 p.m., May 28, stating that a final draft of the agreement had been handed to the Boer delegates with intimation that if it were not accepted within forty-eight hours the conference would be considered at an end. "This afternoon," Lord Milner telegraphed, "we met delegates again for a few minutes. They asked us to give them until Saturday night for their answer, to which we agreed. We then shook hands and parted."

It was of this Mr. Balfour was thinking when he spoke of the shadow of a doubt. But he knew that, one way or another, whether for peace or war, Saturday night must see the issue settled. Within the appointed limits, at half-past ten on Saturday night, May 31, the agreement was signed, and peace reigned again in long-harried South Africa.

When on Monday afternoon the House assembled the fact that the Boer forces in the field had surrendered was known. To that extent Mr. Balfour's statement was robbed of interest. But the terms were uncertain, and the event of announcement of peace at the Table where through three Sessions the First Lord of the Treasury had frequently stood making more or less painful statement with respect to progress of the war, was a historic event it behoved all to witness. It is a long time since the Chaplain had such crowded congregation at prayer. Members flocked down early to secure seats. Those who failed to get in at the first flight made their way to the side gallery, their presence in that ordinarily unoccupied quarter completing the crowded state of the House.

When, as early as twenty minutes to three, Mr. Balfour rose, he was the centre of an animated crowd that exceeded, both in number and expectancy, the House gathered on Budget Night. He did not attempt to make a speech, being content to read the terms of surrender finally agreed upon. They were listened to with profound interest, the strained silence occasionally broken by a cheer, now from one side of the House, anon from the other. It was clear from the attitude of the Opposition, not excepting the Irish Members, that they were amazed at the generosity of the terms extended to the stricken foe. They are certainly unparalleled in the history of war. Not only is no indemnity exacted from the vanquished, but the victor, in addition to undertaking to reinstate prisoners of war in their homes, plunks down three million sterling by way of largesse.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's appearance at the Table when Mr. Balfour resumed his seat created the liveliest interest. With the best of intentions "C.-B.'s" contributions to debate in affairs on South Africa have not, during the past three years, fallen on the ears of the House of Commons with happiest effect. What would he say now? His speech proved to be framed in perfect manner. Entirely free from controversial note, it extolled the bravery of the army in the field, paid generous tribute to the gallant foe, and concluded by congratulating the King and the country on the thrice-blessed boon of peace.



The printing and publishing of the official book containing the service and the whole of the music to be used in Westminster Abbey on the occasion of the King's Coronation have been entrusted to Messrs. Novello and Co. The design of the cover, which will be printed in red and gold, is by Mr. John R. Clayton, of the firm of Messrs. Clayton and Bell, glass painters to the King.

COVER TO THE OFFICIAL BOOK OF THE CORONATION SERVICE



The Royal Horse- Artillery never fail to create a sensation at the Tournament, and the musical drive of the "X" Battery is a wonderful performance. The battery, with its six khaki guns, crosses and recrosses, forms up in line, advances, retires, "charges-croisées" at top speed in a dazzling combination of speed and skill.

THE MUSICAL DRIVE AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT: DISPLAY BY THE "X" BATTERY R. H. A

DRAWS BY JOHN CHARLTON



A POPULAR DISPLAY AT THE ROYAL MILITARY TOURNAMENT : BLUFACKETS IN ACTION
The men of H.M.S. "Excellent" give a wonderful exhibition of drill with their field gun, the guns in action, when an order is given to advance them over a barricade (Mt. high) built front hoisted over, and ere the smoke of their firing has cleared away, are again in action across the arena. Like lightning the guns are rushed up to the wall, taken to pieces, and all show with what ease they can handle these powerful weapons. Their display ends with

DRAWN BY W. T. MAUD

"place aux Dames"

BY LADY VIOLET GREVILLE

MOTOR-CARS have now become an integral part of life, and tours all over the country or abroad form part of the fashionable programme of amusement. The Duke and Duchess of Westminster have thus lately visited the old castles on the Loire and the charming spots in Touraine so historically interesting. Now that walking tours are antiquated, there is a great charm about the motor. It enables you to stop when you like, to loiter away an hour here or there, and catch up the time with a little increased speed so as to arrive at one's destination in time for dinner. Motor trips in England ought to work towards the reformation of our country inns, which are behind those of every other nation in comfort, cooking and cleanliness.

be the State visit of the King to Ascot. Even in the late Queen's time, the procession up the course was a pretty sight, but now its glories will be increased tenfold, and if only the weather keeps fine, those who are fortunate enough to view it will carry away a most pleasing recollection. The well-dressed crowds, the handsome horses, the background of wood and heath, far exceed in beauty any street procession, where distance and perspective become impossible.

This has been a terrible spring for fruits and flowers. Tea-roses, frail buds, the young shoots of the ivy, the rhododendron blossom were all caught by the late frosts, much to the grief of the garden-lover, but those plants that have survived look healthy enough. The roses are opening splendidly, which is a good thing, for this is to be the season of roses. It is to be "roses, roses everywhere." Bouquets, table decorations, button-holes, bunches carried in the

wood and won were curiously exemplified in the case of a woman in a lonely village in America, who received so many letters that the postmaster declared himself unable to cope with them. She had advertised for a husband, living herself out as an heiress, and thousands of letters were the result. There is something pathetic about such a morbid desire to achieve marriage at any cost.

Cheerfulness is the virtue specially enjoined upon us this year. The King, by instituting musical Sundays on the terrace at Windsor, has set a good example. Some people think religion and sadness synonymous, which perhaps accounts for the intolerance of so many good people. Though everybody may not agree with the Yorkshire parson who played the violin to his parishioners, while his wife plied them with refreshments on their way to church, yet one can but rejoice when music is added to the joy of life, and cheerfulness allowed as a duty even on Sundays.



On Monday morning a crowd assembled outside the Royal Exchange, and as the day wore on its numbers began to swell, until at length the throng became so dense that traffic had to be diverted into other directions. Later in the day a loyal demonstration of merchants and brokers was held, at which the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Our photograph is by Denton and Co.

CELEBRATING THE NEWS OF PEACE IN THE CITY: THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE ROYAL EXCHANGE ON MONDAY AFTERNOON

Ladies are indefatigable in arranging charity concerts. The numbers advertised every day, and the matinées for which artists lend their services, raises in one's mind the wonder as to who is left to attend the artists' own concerts, and how it all pays. The leading singers, the leading actors and actresses, violinists, and reciters appear nearly every day in some charitable entertainment or other. Their patience and good nature and the energy of the lady organisers are, indeed, remarkable, as are the sums raised. Certain ladies are always getting up something; their pet church needs an organ, or their pet guild assistance, or their pet scheme a little money. These fêtes are an occasion for the display of lovely toilettes, and the loyal devotion of friends. Women rarely become tired of helping at bazaars or selling programmes. It is a specially charming and feminine trait, and certainly does credit to their altruism, yet, if the artists who have given their services give concerts themselves, the energy of the ladies seems suddenly to flag, they plead previous engagements, ill-health, etc., and generally get off by taking a couple of half-guinea tickets.

Not one of the least beautiful sights of the Coronation season will

hand, everything will be made of roses. And what more appropriate? The rose is the queen of flowers and essentially English. A country house smothered in roses, with Gloire de Dijon growing even on the stable yard fence is a sight for the gods. Then sweetbriar and China roses, are not they the national perfumes of the English garden, the simple ornament of every cottage?

People say marriage is going out of fashion, yet every day some new engagement is announced. The latest is that of Lady Bertha Anson, Lord Lichfield's daughter, to the Hon. Thomas Egerton, Lord Ellesmere's third son, as popular as he is good-looking. Lady Bertha's grandmother was one of the handsome Hamiltons, whose beauty was proverbial, and has descended to their posterity. Her great-grandmother, the Duchess of Abercorn, is still living. She was very beautiful, and when a girl had dancing lessons from the operatic ballet-master, and, with her sisters, gave weekly performances at Woburn. Thanks to such instruction, she could stand on the tip of her toes at the age of eighty.

The natural hatred of women for solitude and her anxiety to be

notices requesting visitors not to walk about during the hours of Divine Service are written large on the walls of St. Paul's Cathedral, but they might as well be written on the roof. During evensong one day last week, though seated under the dome, it was almost impossible to hear the music owing to the movements of the congregation in the nave. Each time the choir stood up to sing a strain of people, mostly shod in squeaky boots, wandered hither and thither, many of them neither walking in nor out, but merely changing seats. Women are notoriously more regardless of public comfort than men, and I observed two who changed their places three times and took a tour of the tombs in the first Lesson. Not a single verger attempted to restrain these ill-mannered persons from disturbing those who had come to pray—or at any rate to hear the music. Protestants might well learn from Roman Catholics the decent and reverent behaviour appropriate in a church.

Miss Muriel Gathorne-Hardy, who is well known as a clever amateur actress, has essayed her powers as authoress and composer of a pantomime, which was performed last week with much success by a number of girls belonging to her Guild.

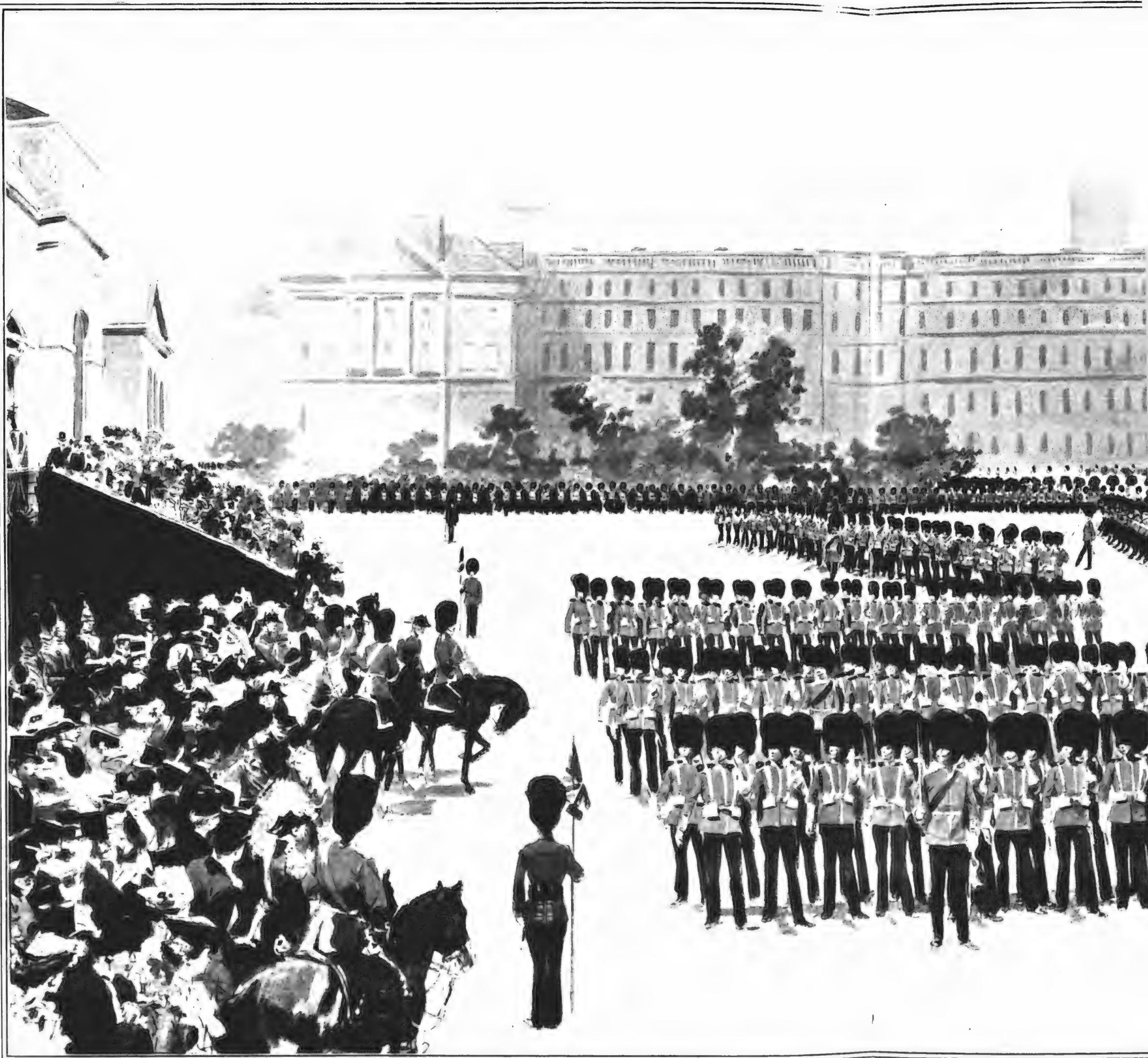


As soon as the good news became known people began to make their way to the Mansion House. To the Mayor, who was his official ride, a companion, the Lady Mayoress and a young girl, is made his appearance in the balcony about six o'clock. The Lady Mayoress and her young daughter attach the ends of a large white streamer bearing in red lettering the significant message "PEACE IS PROCLAIMED", to the pillars of the balcony. As it began to grow dark, people came rushing to the spot from side-streets, the tube subways and the passing omnibuses, cheering wildly the while. The passengers on the outside of the bus's roof waving their hats, handkerchiefs and umbrellas in token of festive mirth. When the first outbursts had subsided there

were cheers for the Lord Mayor. Sir Joseph Dinsdale, smilingly responded by reading the War Office message, which was punctuated by enthusiastic shouts and at its conclusion a cry went up for a speech. The Lord Mayor, in reply, made a brief speech and asked for three cheers for the King. "A mighty hero" dead or well-drawn from the assembly, followed by another for the Queen. "Now," exclaimed the Lord Mayor, "three cheers for those gallant fellows who have been fighting for our country, not long time, those gallant heroes who have fallen for their King and for their country." This was promptly given, and then followed the Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress, waving their hats, handkerchiefs and umbrellas.

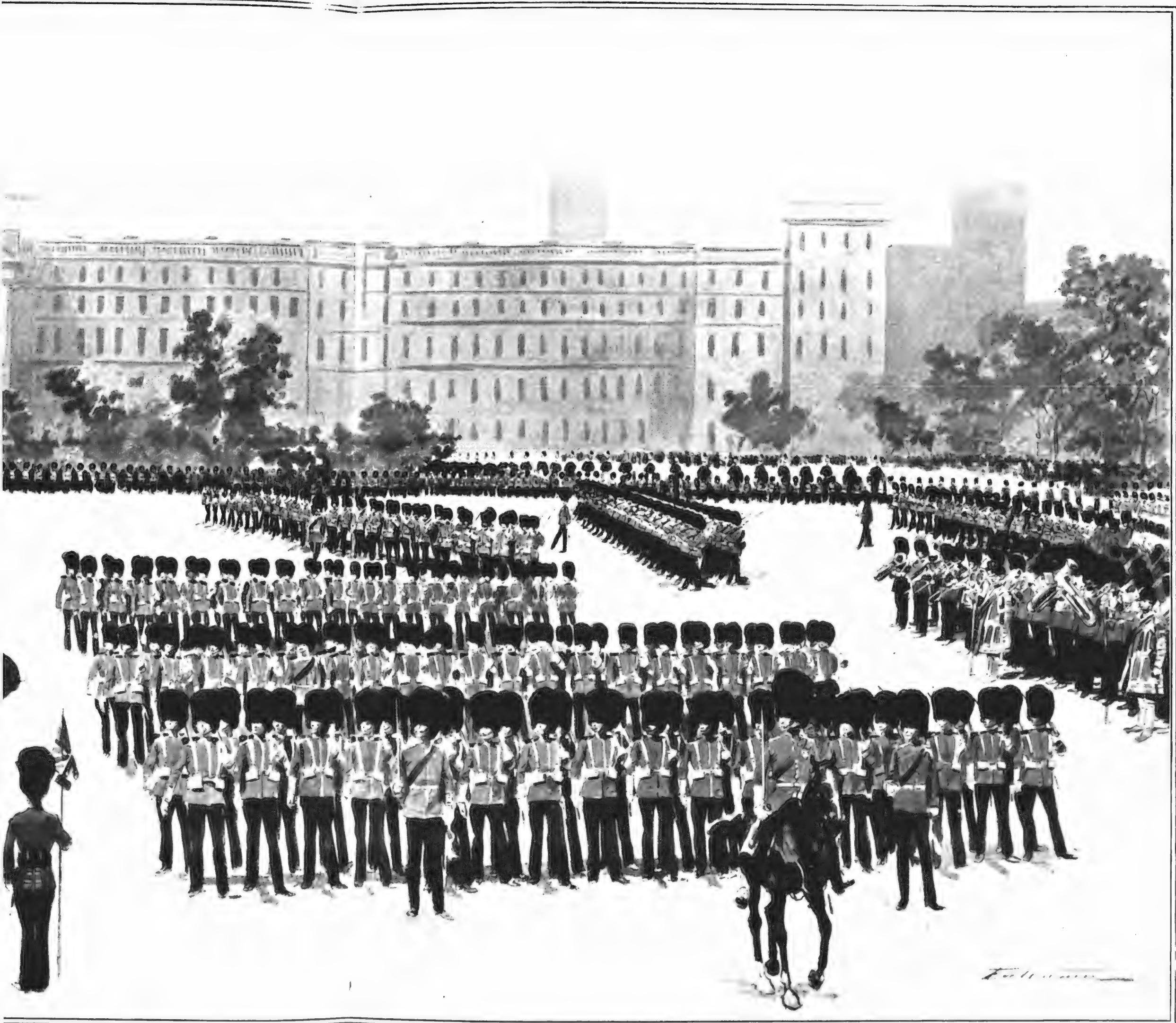
PEACE IS PROCLAIMED - THE SCENE OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE ON SUNDAY EVENING

DRAWN BY W. HADEFIELD, F.R.



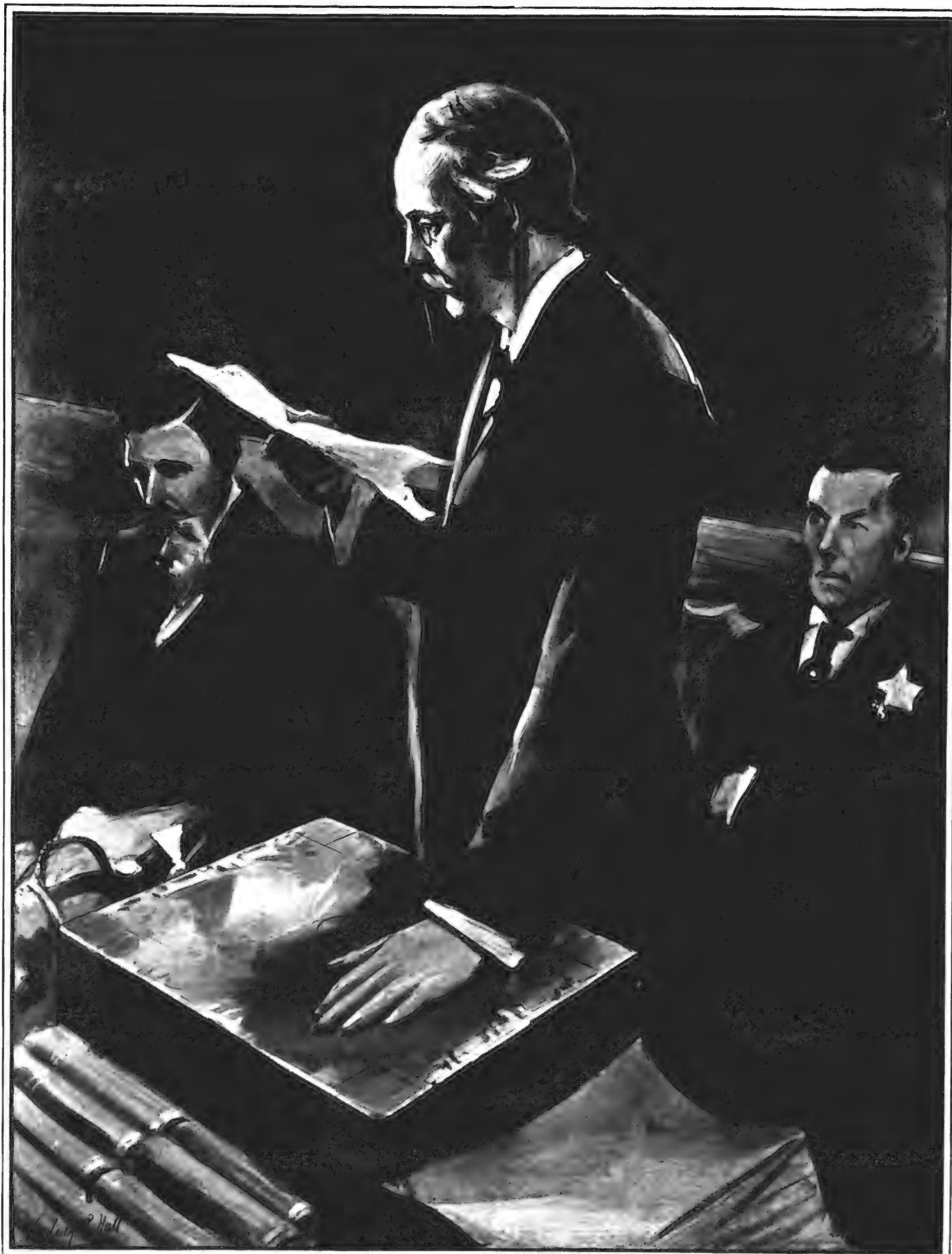
THE KING'S BIRTHDAY IN LONDON: THE MARCH PAST AFTER THE TROOPING OF THE CO

DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEN



LONDON: THE MARCH PAST AFTER THE TROOPING OF THE COLOURS AT THE HORSE GUARDS

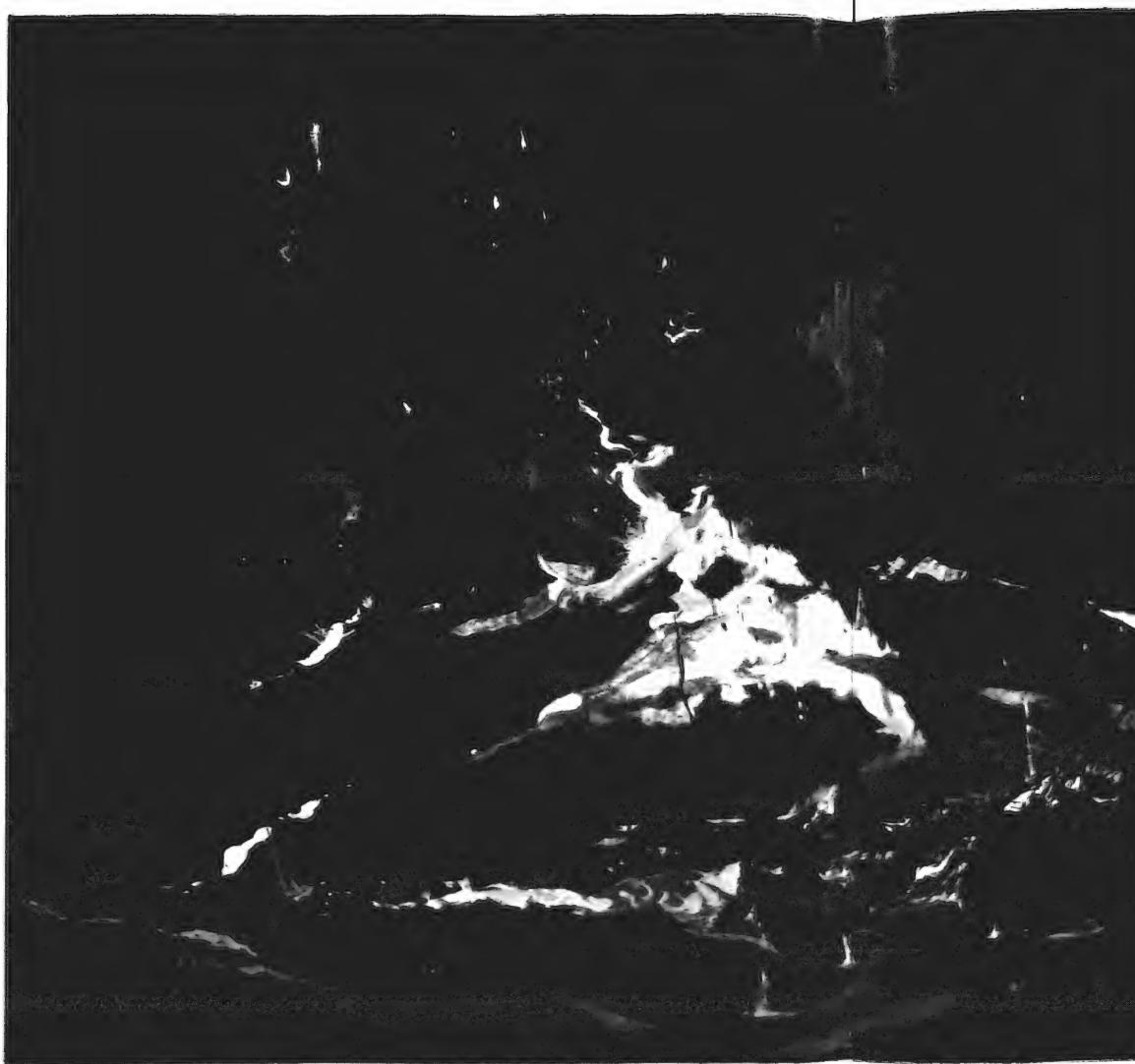
DRAWN BY F. DE HAENEX



Boer forces in the field will forthwith lay down their arms, handing over all guns, rifles, and munitions of war in their possession or under their control, and desist from all further resistance to the authority of His Majesty King Edward VII, whom they recognise as their lawful Sovereign.

MR. BALFOUR READING THE TERMS OF SURRENDER IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL, M.A.O.



Mont Pelée, the volcano in Martinique, which had for a week previously been showing signs of activity, broke out into open eruption on May 3, vomiting smoke and flames and showers of incandescent lava. The town of St. Pierre, the capital of the island, and the little town of St. Pierre was utterly destroyed, and with it perished some 30,000 people. Mr. Albert, owner of a plantation a mile north-east of the crater of Mont Pelée, who was among those who escaped, has given the following account of his experiences:—¹¹ Mont Pepe had already given

warning, but we did not believe that it would do more than spit fire and steam as it had done previously. I was in the fields early on the morning of the 8th. The ground trembled, and I heard a roar, like the roar of the ocean. I was terror-stricken. I could not explain why; I could not move. Suddenly Mont Pelée roared, a shudder, a moaning issued from the crater, and the air seemed dead. Then I heard a deafening grinding, crashing noise, sounding as if every bit of machinery in the world had broken up, and a flash more blinding than lightning followed. I stood transfixed, not knowing what to

do. Then a cloud which had formed on the top of Mont Pelée burst with such rapidity that it was impossible for me to see it, big as if the navies of the world were engulfed in Tumic. It played in and out in broad loops, intense darkness being followed by intense light, and the noise was like a thousand voices, like the destruction of the town. When I recovered full possession of myself, I hurried my family, all of whom were panic-stricken, to

THE GREAT VOLCANIC OUTBURST IN THE WEST INDIES. THE ERUPTION WHICH OVERW



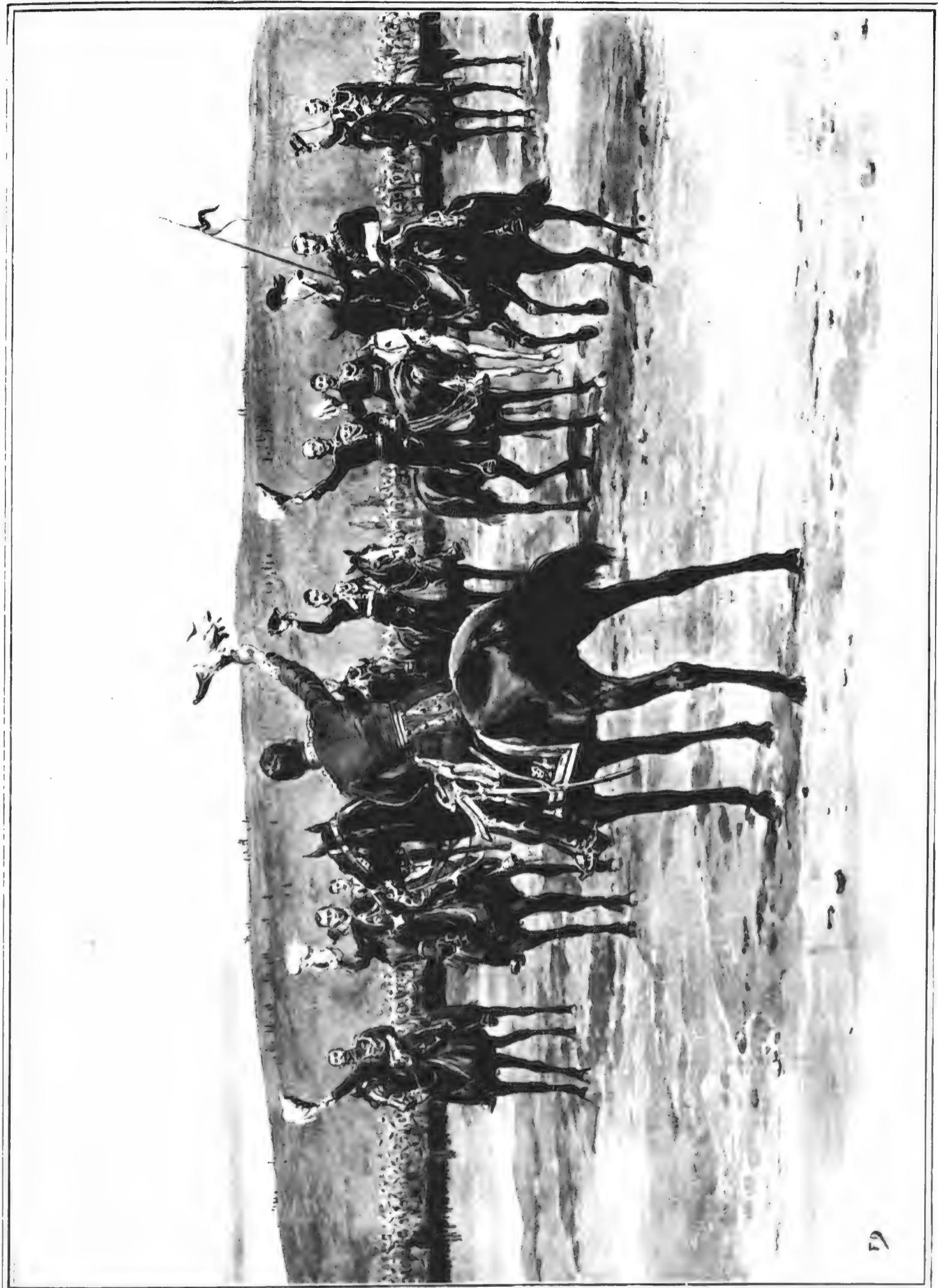
but we did not believe that it would do more than speed life and death, as I said. I was in the fields only on the morning of the 8th. The ground was not earthquake, but as if a terrible struggle was going on in the mountains. I don't. I could not explain why; I could not move. Stephen's *Mountain Echo* was a morning issued from the crater, and the air seemed dead. Then I heard a crashing noise, sounding as if every bit of machinery in the world had broken down, more blinding than lightning followed. I stood transfixed, not knowing what to do.

Then a cloud which had formed on the top of Mount Pelee suddenly fell on St. Pierre moving with such rapidity that it was impossible for anything to escape. I slept on the floor of my house, and when I awoke at 2:30 as the mists of the world were engulped in Tumain smoke followed, and the lightnings played in and out in broad folds, intense darkness being followed by light, sounding of bugles, having power. I knew that St. Pierre was doomed, but the hill prevented me from seeing the destruction of the town. When I recovered full possession of my faculties, I ran to the house and hurried my family, all of whom were panic-stricken, to the seashore where we boarded

small steamer and lastened to Port de France. I know that there was no flame in the first wave that descended on St. Pierre. It was however in the second and most fierce wave that the steamship *Roddam*. This vessel was crowded with passengers, mostly women and children, in a shower of hot ashes. The crew, in fighting the flames, suffered terribly, several being killed.

OUTBREAST IN THE WEST INDIES: THE ERUPTION WHICH OVERWHELMED ST. PIERRE, MARTINIQUE

DRAWN BY CHARLES DIXON, B.P.



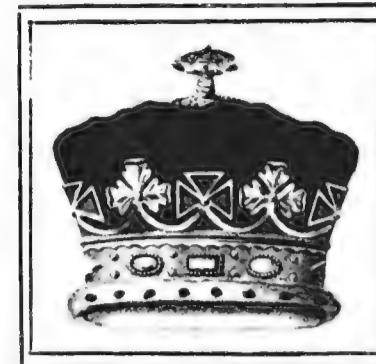
Left, some of the most popular songs as used in the service, presented in diction of Recruits or Recruit who has served in South Africa.



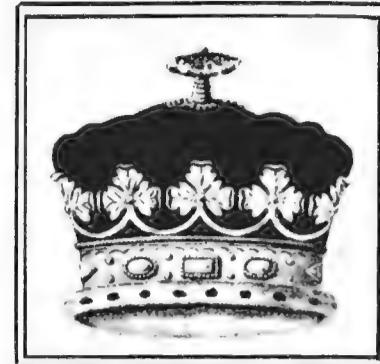
Coronet of Prince of Great Britain. Worn by all sons, brothers, and uncles of the Sovereign. The circle is heightened with four fleurs-de-lys, and as many crosses patées alternately



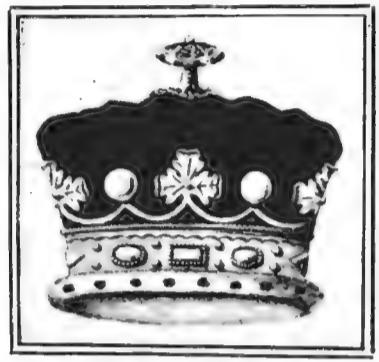
Coronet of the Princesses of Great Britain. The circle is heightened with crosses patées, fleurs-de-lys and strawberry leaves alternately



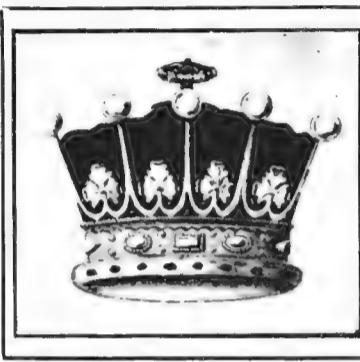
Coronet of Royal Cousins and Royal Nephews of the Sovereign. The circle is heightened with four crosses patées and as many strawberry leaves alternately



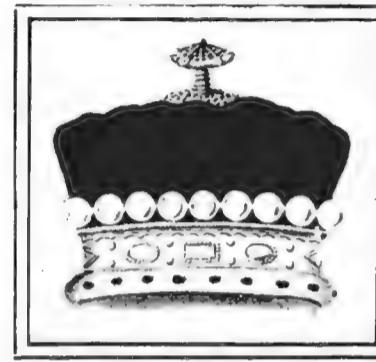
Coronet of a Duke. Above the rim are eight gold strawberry leaves at equal distances



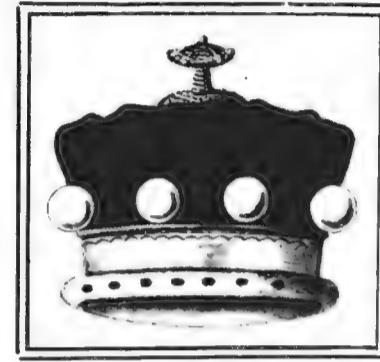
Coronet of a Marquess. Above the rim are four gold strawberry leaves and four silver balls alternately, the latter raised slightly above the rim



Coronet of an Earl. Above the rim, poised upon points above the cap, are eight silver balls, whilst between the points are gold strawberry leaves



Coronet of a Viscount. Immediately above and adjoining the rim are sixteen silver balls



Coronet of a Baron. Immediately above the rim are six silver balls at equal distances

The orders issued by the Earl Marshal with respect to the Coronets to be worn by Peers and Peeresses prescribe that all the Coronets shall be of silver gilt; the caps of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, with a gold tassel on the top; and no jewels or precious stones are to be set or used in the

THE CORONETS TO BE WORN BY THE PEERS OF ENGLAND AT THE CORONATION



Crown worn by Queen Victoria at her Coronation

The robes or mantles for the Peeresses are to be worn over their usual Court dresses. They will also be of crimson velvet, and the capes of miniver pure, the number of bars of ermine on the cape and the length of the train depending on the rank of the wearer.

The coronets in every case consist of a circle of silver gilt, ornamented with representations of various jewels raised on the surface—with the exception of a Baron's, which is a plain circle—the caps being composed of crimson velvet turned up with ermine, and with a tassel of gold on the top. No jewels or precious stones may be used in the coronets, or counterfeit pearls instead of silver balls, the privilege of wearing a coronet adorned with jewels belonging exclusively to members of the Royal Family.

Coronets have been worn by Peers since the reign of Edward III., but the definite form given to the coronets of the different orders of the Peerage is of later date, as is also the practice of placing within the coronet a cap of crimson velvet lined with ermine and surmounted by a gold tassel. The use of coronets by Barons did not begin until the reign of Charles II. Before his time they only wore plain gold circles. It was that King, too, who, in 1665, granted warrants to the Scottish and Irish Kings of Arms for the Peers of these Kingdoms to wear coronets similar to those of the Peers of England. The privilege of wearing coronets was first granted to Viscounts by King James I. The coronets worn by the Earls and Countesses of the Middle Ages were of no fixed type, but differed considerably—some having no strawberry



Coronet worn by King Edward as Prince of Wales

TOWARDS the end of last year, the Duke of Norfolk, as Earl Marshal, issued orders to all the Peers and Peeresses of England, requiring their attendance at the Coronation of King Edward VII., and notifying them that only those Peers and Peeresses who replied to the intimation before the 1st of January of this year would receive the Royal Command to attend the ceremony of the Coronation. These orders refer to all English, Scottish and Irish Peers (except Peers who are minors and those Irish Peers who have seats in the House of Commons), also to Peeresses in their own right, the widows of Peers who have not remarried under the rank of the Peerage, and the wives of living Peers, including the wives of Irish Peers who have seats in the House of Commons.

Orders were issued at the same time with regard to the robes, coronets, etc., which are to be worn by Peers and Peeresses at the Coronation. The robe or mantle of the Peers is to be of crimson velvet edged with miniver, the cape furred with miniver pure and powdered with bars or rows of ermine (that is, narrow pieces of black fur), according to their degree. These mantles will in every case be worn over full Court dress, uniform, or regimentals.



THE TICKET OF ADMISSION TO THE CORONATION OF GEORGE IV

leaves and others, again, no balls. The Duke's strawberry-leaf coronet is said to originate in the basinet worn by the Black Prince, which showed a circle from which there rose sixteen leaves alternating with a second series of the same number and of smaller size.

The crown worn by Queen Victoria at her Coronation was made in the year 1838, with jewels taken from old crowns and others furnished by Royal command. Many of the jewels adorning it are of great historic interest. The total number of precious stones it contains is 3,193, of which no less than 2,783 are diamonds. The coronet worn by King Edward, when Prince of Wales, differed in design from the Royal crown, merely by the absence of one of the arches, it having only one arch rising from a jewelled circlet of gold. Neither of these will be used at the approaching Coronation.

It may surprise some people to learn that the Ermine and the Stoat are the same animal, the former name being applied to the animal when in its winter coat. Its hair is then white, with the exception of the tip of the tail, which is black. The animal is widely distributed, the chief supplies coming from Siberia. In olden times the use of ermine was restricted to Royalty. Miniver—the other fur used for Coronation robes—is merely ermine fur with spots of black lambskin sewn in.

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Club Comments

BY "MARMADUKE"

The end of the beginning has been reached ; the reign of Edward VII. may be said to commence with the present June. It was generally imagined that the country would revive at the close of the Court mourning, but the war, and the prospect of an accumulation of entertainments and events in the summer have acted as checks on the community. From now to the end of August—unless the unforeseen occur—excitement will be the prevailing note. Nor will the popular mind quickly resume its normal condition after the Coronation festivities are over, for the return of the troops, and many other interesting circumstances, are to be expected in the near future. The Government, for instance, will be remodelled at no great distance of time, for this reconstruction has been purposely delayed until after the peace and the Coronation. That it will be a very material remodelling is known.

When Lord Roberts handed over to Lord Kitchener the appointment of Commander-in-Chief of the Army in South Africa it was never foreseen that his successor would encounter the difficulties which have had to be overcome. The war was ended ; for all practical purposes Lord Kitchener has had to deal with a more desperate and difficult situation. He has with rare patience, ability, and judgment fulfilled the task which has devolved upon him, and has not only enormously increased his reputation at home, but has even won the respect and confidence of the enemy. It is obvious, therefore, that his services will be acknowledged more handsomely than had he merely pacified an already conquered nation. There are several reasons for believing that the King will confer an Earldom on Lord Kitchener instead of the Viscount which, in ordinary circumstances, would have been offered to him.

It is predicted that the list of honours and promotions which is to be published on Coronation Day will cover two pages of the *Times*. That it will be possible, for apart from promotions in the Peerage, new creations, baronetcies, knighthoods and decorations, the list will contain a vast number of promotions in the various branches of the public service. The impression also exists that His Majesty, either then or before, will institute a new Order, in which case a means will be found in this direction for gratifying the ambition of many who would otherwise have been ignored. The prevailing appetite in England for titles and alphabetical distinctions is so keen that it has to be gratified, in order to avoid opposition, otherwise it is known that many of those who are concerned in the dispensing of such honours are disinclined to add greatly to the number which exists.



Scopre, which is the daughter of Persimmon and Ornament, had already won decisive victories in the two races for the "Guineas," and was of course favourite. Besides her name, there was also something appropriate in the daughter of the King's Derby winner Persimmon being favourite for the Derby of the Coronation year. But though looked upon as a certainty by most, when the race was run Scopre was beaten, and the winner turned up in Ard Patrick. Scopre was bought as a yearling by Mr. Sievier for 10,000 guineas. Our photograph is by W. A. Rouch, Strand.

"SCOPRE," THE DERBY FAVOURITE, AND HER OWNER, MR. R. SIEVIER

The Theatres

UNFORTUNATELY, there is not much to be said about Mrs. Ryley's new farce, *The Grass Widow*, at the SHAFTESBURY Theatre beyond the fact that it shows little trace of the skilful hand of the author of *Jedbury Junior* and *Mice and Men*. The piece is a collection of farcical situations of a more or less familiar kind, amidst which it is not easy to discover that central idea with which even the most extravagant of farcical productions cannot afford to dispense. Of coherent story there is very little, nor does a preposterous duel in the Bois de Boulogne, which furnishes the material for the third act, help to remedy this defect. Mr. Paul Arthur brought all his energy and vivacity to bear on the part of a volatile wine merchant ; Miss Grace Lane was very winning as a grass widow ; Mr. Wyes did all he could for a Russian blusterer ; Mr. Reeves-Smith played a young artist with his customary light touch, and Mr. John Le Hay imparted some gleams of humour to the part of a detective. But the new farce, though not

commenced by the first-night audience, awakened but a languid interest.

The new piece from the German, entitled *Mrs. Hamilton's Silence*, in which, after a trial performance in the country, Mr. and Mrs. Kendal made their appearance on Monday at the GRAND Theatre, Fulham, is a story of a mother who, being aware that her youngest son has been guilty of embezzlement, allows an innocent man to be condemned for her son's crime. This is the culpable "silence" referred to in the title. Retribution begins to overtake this much too fond mother when another son falls in love with her victim's daughter, and entreats his mother to join with him in his efforts to discover the real culprit and clear the character of his future father-in-law. The playwright's art is a little too obvious in all this ; but the situations are dramatic, and the scene in which the elder son finally extorts from his mother a confession of the truth furnishes Mrs. Kendal with the opportunity for a really magnificent piece of acting.

The long announced series of Shakespearean revivals at HER MAJESTY'S Theatre made an auspicious commencement on Monday evening with *Twelfth Night*, in which Mr. Tree repeated his performance of Malvolio, which, if not the most interesting, is certainly one of the most artistic, of his impersonations. Among the changes since the former cast are Mr. Gerald Lawrence as the Duke in the place of Mr. Taber, and Miss Nancy Price, who succeeds Miss Maud Jeffries as Olivia. For the rest it must suffice to note that Miss Lily Brayton reappears as Viola, Miss Zetie Tilbury as Maria, Mr. Lionel Brough as Sir Toby Belch, and Mr. Norman Forbes as Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The revival will be succeeded on Tuesday evening next by *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, with Mr. Tree as Falstaff, Miss Ellen Terry as Mistress Page, Mrs. Kendal as Mistress Ford, and Mrs. Tree as "sweet Ann Page."

The protean nature of the programmes at the two London theatres now devoted to French performances precludes us from doing more than barely chronicling the productions at these houses during the current week. At the IMPERIAL, Madame Réjane has found *Zaza* sufficiently attractive to induce her to substitute this clever but not very agreeable picture of life and manners in provincial French music halls for some other pieces in her repertory. This popular actress with her company has also reappeared in *Ma Cousine*, and given three representations of *La Robe Rouge*. Meanwhile her distinguished rival, Madame Jane Hading, at Notting Hill, has been not less energetic. Besides *La Princesse de Bagdad*, given on Monday and Tuesday, she has repeated her performances in *Moud, L'Etrangère, Frou-frou*, and *Le Maître de Forges*.

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“SEE Naples, and then die,” runs an old Italian saying, which has come to be venerated as a proverb, and as this is the season of the year when, probably more than at any other time, the public mind is being exercised with pleasurable thoughts of the holiday, it will, perhaps, not be inopportune to paraphrase the Italian appeal to meet the mood and the means of the many.

“See Blackpool, and then live” is a sentence which ought to be memorised by all inclined to the unique, for the remarkable resort which nestles on the brink of the most prominent part of the Lancashire coast has qualities and charms which cannot be too highly extolled. True it is that Blackpool has the fame of being the most popular seaside town in the United Kingdom. The thousands—nay, the millions!—who annually rely upon its electrical air and its diversified pleasures to “sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away” are living attestation of this fact; but to see the resort at its brightest and best it is advisable to pay a visit during the early season—from April to the middle of July—before those huge happy crowds, of whom Sir Walter Besant wrote so tenderly, assume dominion. The same remark applies with equal force to the quieter autumn months of September and October, which, at Blackpool, have a mildness and mellowness of their own. So much has been said and sung of Blackpool from a purely crowded point of view that it is possible some misunderstanding may exist. This ought to be banished once and for all. Admitting, to quote the Chevalier Nigri, that from the end of July to the opening of September the watering-place is “a continent of humanity, embracing every variety of mind and mood,” it is none the less true that during the spring, the early summer, and the autumn, it is an ideal spot to recuperate, or, as Lewis Morris puts it,

“To revive with the kiss of the sea.”

Never was poetic metaphor more applicable than to Blackpool in the early and late seasons. The sea is Blackpool’s glory; the climate its renown; and on these priceless gifts of Nature man’s enterprise has founded a “Wonderland by the Waves,” which is at once the astonishment and the admiration of the beholder. Other places may boast of their backgrounds, be they wooded or mountainous; but for breadth and grandeur of seascape, for bracing and vitalising air, and for unending enjoyments Blackpool fears no rival.

As far back as the earlier portion of the seventeenth century the line of coast on which the town is now built, was noted for its invigorating climate, and people from far and near made their annual pilgrimage in search of renewed health. The peculiarly local qualities of the air, it is observed, are accounted for by its situation. Sheltered on the north by the distant mountains of Cumberland and Westmoreland, and on the east by the Pennine Chain and its Spur, Blackpool is freely and fully exposed to the west and the south-west, where numerous currents of air meet. This location and the huge sweep of ocean along its extended length makes the air of Blackpool mostly sea-air, rich in ozone and free from germs and other impurities; and when to this restorative is added a healthy soil, a pure water supply, efficient sanitation, and a geniality of temperature—with an abundance of sunshine—the change-seeker and the health-seeker will readily understand the advantages of residence in Blackpool. To visit the town when “the May sun sheds an amber light;” when “June’s fair skies all things illumine;” or when “Autumn scatters his departing gleams;” is to enjoy all the beauties of the sea and sky, and the charms of the town, with the maximum of personal comfort and attention. The large number of imposing hydros and hotels and boarding houses and company-houses necessary to accommodate the greater throng are then able to meet all demands and desires in the most satisfactory manner, and the town has sufficient briskness and vivacity to please the eye without in any sense interfering with quiet pleasure. Even in these earlier and later seasons, when the dwellers inland are bemoaning the wretchedness of the weather and the dullness of the days, Blackpool is bright and stimulating. As an interesting contrast with other places, it may be mentioned that during April, noted throughout the country for its showers, this year Blackpool enjoyed 219.35 hours of bright sunshine—or 51.8 per cent. of possible duration—and other conditions were equally favourable. This brightness and accompanying warmth allows of visitors spending the greater part of their time out of doors, and by promenading in the crisp, bracing atmosphere, dullness and depression soon become unknown. In promenading accommodation Blackpool justly claims to set the example. The main esplanade runs along the very brink of the sea for some three miles, and at the northern end of the town a series of spacious and delightful terraced walks—lavishly furnished with seats—serve as a vantage ground to view the sea and sky—“mixed in one mighty scene with varied beauty’s g” .. The tide flows in, full up to foot of the hulking, twice each

day, and at such times it is an entrancing sight to those who spend the greater portion of their time among “brick boxes with slate lids” to see the sands and the sea fence “rippling with caressing waves,” while above, to carry the quotation further, there is “the blue sky and the white drifting cloud,” and in the distance “the vessel on her snowy wing.” To the artistic and poetic mind, or, indeed, to anyone possessing an appreciation of the beautiful in Nature, the great broad

Piers, Blackpool possesses a Tower (520ft. high) with adjoining Aquarium, Menagerie, Roof-Gardens, Ballroom, and Aquatic and Variety Circus; Winter Gardens and Empress Ballroom, Alhambra, Opera House, Grand Theatre, Hippodrome, Great Wheel, and other centres of public interest and many stately buildings of note. It has been thought that the provision of entertainment at the various palaces of pleasure was confined to

the busier months of the year, but a visit during the special seasons—in fact, at any time in the whole twelve months of the year—will prove this to be a mere illusion. Blackpool is never out of season. It has always its glorious sea; its unequalled air; its daily round of enjoyments; and even in the depth of its mild winters it is a veritable kaleidoscope to many places catering for visitors. But as soon as it receives “the cheerful smile of spring” all activities are again put forward to welcome early season arrivals and keep them entertained whilst the beneficent sea breezes harden the vigorous, restore the enervated, and give new life to the despairing. In these earlier months of the year, too, the air is particularly rarified and the views of the surrounding country are seen more clearly and charmingly. To the extreme north,

“In the blue distance rise the mountain columns with which earth props heaven;”

to the east lies a smiling landscape backed by fells and monarch mounds; to the south, showing timidly, yet enchantingly, the Welsh mountains keep “watch and ward away;” to the west

—the sea! the sea! the sea! And

“When winds come whispering lightly from the West,
Kissing, not ruffling, the blue deep’s serene.”

the joy of life starts up anew, and frail man or strong, poor man or rich, the prospect is one that lives in the memory. As evening approaches and the sun sinks ‘neath the western wave, Nature’s ethereal palette takes on wondrous hues. The sunsets at Blackpool in the spring, the early summer, and the autumn months are quoted as “worth all the paintings in the world.” Certainly some of the colourings would disarm a Turner and no cold black print can tell of the witchery and winsomeness of Sel’s “Good-night” to his admirers. At his going the sheen is gradually changed from golden to silver; for as the warm, glowing crimson and amber and saffron and violet pale away to the darker shades of night “long streams of light o’er dancing waves expand,” and

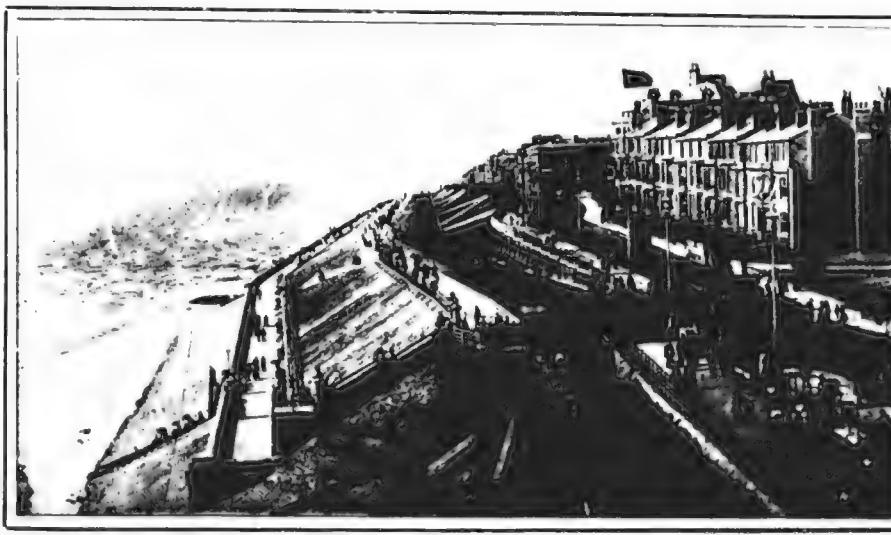
“Moonlight turns the spray to glistening pearls.”

The great sweep of electric arc lamps studding the Promenade from end to end send forth their brilliancy; the palaces of entertainment add to the resplendence; and the melodious waters, as Bryant says, “glimmer with the trains of light that stream from halls where dancers whirl.” Truly, Blackpool has its poetic and beautiful side, and if this was more fully realised the special charms and advantages of the early season would be appreciated to the extent they deserve. As a town alone Blackpool is unique. Its rapid rise during the past half century evinces the faith of its pioneers in the curative properties of its climate. Its continuous growth evinces its growing popularity

with the people. And no one can write of Blackpool without touching, in terms of admiration, on the public-spiritedness of the members of the Corporation, who have done so much to raise it to its honoured position at the head of watering-places. Incorporated so recently as 1876, the governing body has always proceeded on the most progressive lines, and the Corporation has taken into its own hands the management of the gas, electric lighting, markets, tramways, and the larger share of the district water supply, in addition to building the whole of the north shore esplanades and carrying out other costly public improvements. The town’s motto is “Progress,” and the Town Council’s further adherence to the policy they have ever pursued is well illustrated in the carrying out of a new scheme for the extension of over two miles of the promenade some 100ft. seaward.

When this work is completed Blackpool will have, beyond question, the finest length of promenade by the sea of any resort in the world. Such are a few details of this wonderful resort, which was long ago styled “The lungs of Lancashire.” Attracted by its reputation, many people have paid a visit during August, the busiest month of the year, and have, perhaps, been incommoded by the vast crowds of people frequenting the town. In the select seasons, however—from April to July, and from September to the end of October—the conditions forgetting about and enjoying the features of the resort to the full are far more pleasant, and this fact should be borne in mind by that large class of people to whom the paraphrase, “See Blackpool and then live,” so strongly applies.

Blackpool is within a comfortable journey—227 miles of London, and all London, in addition to tourists visiting the City for the Coronation festivities, ought to make a point of seeing what the go-ahead Lancashire resort has to show in the way of health and pleasure once in their lives. A renewal of the experience will be a matter of course.



“THE MARINE ESPLANADES”



“THE CHILDREN’S PARADISE”
VIEW OF THE SANDS FROM THE SOUTHERN PART OF BLACKPOOL
Photograph by Arthur Bearden, Blackpool

more impressed with the advantages in the way of infinite variety at the most reasonable cost in this direction.

In the matter of entertainment Blackpool is the most wonderful town in the world. This fact is admitted even by its rivals. Mr. George R. Sims, the widely travelled dramatist and author, summed up his opinion of the town as “a City of Palaces of pleasure by the sea.” In addition to the three

Our Bookshelf

"ALL THE RUSSIAS" *

BOOKS of Travel have many objects, sometimes our amusement, sometimes our instruction, but they rarely combine both qualities in such a remarkable degree as does Mr. Henry Norman's most interesting "All the Russias." Interesting as it may be to the layman and the politician it should be doubly so to the man of commerce, for if Mr. Norman's facts are facts—and there seems no reason to doubt them—we should wake up at once to the commercial importance to us of the Great Siberian and the Trans-Caspian Railways, works of art that we have hardly realised that they could be finished in a lifetime, but which have taken only eleven years. The present Tsar, when Tsarevich, travelling in the Far East, wheeled the first barrow and laid the first stone of the railway at Vladivostok on May 19, 1891. To take the facts—a total of 2,503 miles of railway were laid and opened for traffic in seven years, when in August, 1898, the line was completed as far as Irkutsk from Moscow, and as far as Khabarovsk from Vladivostok. Now we are within measurable distance of being able to get to the Northern Pacific by land, except for the short journey across our own English Channel, and the journey will, probably, take not more than a fortnight. A wonderful journey, with only one change on the frontier, where the Russian railway begins, and this for the reason that the Russian gauge is wider than the German, with, as Mr. Norman says, the obvious intention of preventing German rolling stock from being available in Russia! The significance of it all comes when we realise that this Siberia which is being brought so closely in touch with Western Europe, is not the barren wilderness, merely a land of banishment for Russia's political and other prisoners which some people still imagine it, but a great country with already many fine towns, where all the luxuries of life are in daily use, towns which are to the traveller, as Mr. Norman says, a genuine surprise. "Omsk (the first important station in Siberia) is only Tomsk on a smaller scale," and Tomsk has a "splendidly housed university, an ambitious theatre, a Government gold laboratory; it is lighted by electricity, it has

"All the Russias: Travels and Studies in Contemporary European Russia, Finland, Siberia, the Caucasus and Central Asia." With One Hundred and Thirty-seven Illustrations, chiefly from the Author's Photographs, and Four Maps (W. Heinemann).

over 50,000 inhabitants—yet it is by no means the most important town in Siberia, as for the present Irkutsk is more important with its 51,464 inhabitants." "I have seldom," continues Mr. Norman, "been more surprised than when, on the evening of my arrival, I started out to make a few purchases. I wanted sardines and sugar, etc., and I found myself in a shop which, for size, arrangement, and variety of stock, would compare with those of the West End of London. Next I wanted photographic materials, and the first thing that caught my eye was a complete assortment of Zeiss lenses, the most expensive lenses in the market. Two stationers and a chemist's, equal to the average of such places in any of the capitals of the world. Such things would not be brought these thousands of miles unless there were people who understood and could afford to buy them." Mr. Norman gives a delightful account of a visit to Tolstoi; but the real importance of his book is political. He would like to see a better understanding between this country and Russia, and his enthusiastic belief in the future of the country in which he is so deeply interested, suggests that he has caught something of the Russian spirit. Russia is going ahead. Of that he entertains no doubt. She is not piling up debt in the way some people think. She has absolute confidence in her destiny; she is unfettered by tradition; she has a lavish wealth of natural resources; she has statesmen of profound sagacity and reckless courage; and she has an unswerving continuity of policy. This last, which Mr. Norman does not lay stress on, carries nations as far as it does individuals. But what does Mr. Norman think of the present seething unrest? He does not say.

"A CHILD'S LIFE OF THE KING"

A tiny volume which embodies a clever idea should be very popular at the present moment. This is the "Child's Life of the King," by Alton Towers, illustrated by Edmund Smyth, which Mr. Heinemann has just published. On every opening there is an effective picture in colours showing some incident in the King's life, while the descriptive matter tells in perfectly simple language, well adapted to the childish intelligence, some of the principal events in His Majesty's life.

"RAMBLES IN HERTFORDSHIRE"

A new volume in the very useful "Highways and Byways Series" is "Highways and Byways in Hertfordshire," written by Mr.

Hubert W. Tompkins and illustrated by Mr. Frederick L. Griggs (Macmillan and Co.). The illustrations are attractive as pictures, but leave much to be desired when you come to compare them with familiar places and buildings. The letterpress is of much greater moment. For the cyclist, the motorist, and the tramp abroad it fulfils every requirement in that it teems with old gossip history of all the important and most of the unimportant Hertfordshire towns and villages, and fills the reader with a longing to go forth and know them.

"THE BOOK OF THE BULBS" *

The fifth volume of the "Handbook of Practical Gardening" deals with bulbs and their treatment. Although, to a certain extent, it is a scientific work, yet it is written so simply and clearly that it is essentially a book for amateur gardeners. The other volumes of the series are "The Book of Asparagus," "The Book of the Greenhouse," "The Book of the Grape," "The Book of Old-Fashioned Flowers," "The Book of the Apple," and "The Book of Climbing Plants," all written by different well-known horticulturists. They are capital little volumes, and certainly deserve the name of "Practical Handbooks."

"THE SCOTT COUNTRY" †

Lovers of the works of Sir Walter Scott cannot fail to be interested in a work which describes in vivid colours the country from which he drew so many of his inspirations. Mr. Crockett—who must not be confounded with the novelist of the same name—says that although all countries have been laid under contribution to his genius, and every part of Scotland, or Scott-land, yet the Vale of the Tweed comes into closest relationship with the man and his work. Thus in the triangle which may be traced on the map from Berwick-on-Tweed to the Solway, thence northward to Tweedsmuir of which parish the author of the volume is the minister—and Broughton in Peeblesshire, and again to the east back to the ancient seaport borough, we have embraced what are practically the chief boundary lines of that historic region. Mr. Crockett is not content with merely a picturesque description of the scenery and dwelling-places of which the "Wizard of the North" makes mention in his novels, but he introduces us to many of the "originals" of the characters to be found in his volumes. The book is profusely illustrated.

* "The Book of the Bulbs." By S. Arnott, F.R.H.S. (Lane.)

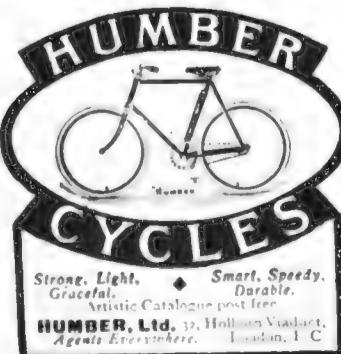
† "The Scott Country." By W. S. Crockett. (Black.)

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"THE EPISTLES OF ATKINS."

In this eminently readable, interesting volume Mr. Milne has collected a number of letters and sayings of the private soldier at the front, recording his impressions of the different phases of modern warfare. It is a book calculated to do a great amount of good, showing, as it does, Tommy Atkins in his true light, self-denying, heroic, "grousing" over small things, yet taking the serious with a quiet endurance that is beyond praise. He is much given to writing letters, and will indite them under most adverse circumstances. Many are the epistles that have been penned on the battlefield. "Why such a desperate pursuit of letters?" asks the author. Perhaps a Cornwall explains the reason. "With him it is to relieve the monotony of lying flat on the ground while a 'hot fire' rakes overhead. If soldiers write under peculiar conditions they certainly do not wait for safety to read their ever-welcome letters from home. 'A Dublin Fusilier is actually in the firing line when a letter, in the loosed scrawl of his mother,' is delivered to him. . . . That soon lets his rifle cool while he reads his epistle." "Again a soldier is brought to a halt in the thick of a charge to pick up an envelope which has fallen from his pocket. His sister's letter! He halts, reads it while saddling up and forgotten it in that hurry. Now he stands on a hillock, fair in the fire-way, reads it line by line, and resumes the war. Who," the writer asks, "would not write to win such a reading?" The question has often been asked as to a man's sensations when under fire for the first time. Here we have the answer in Tommy's own words. One says: "It's rather a curious sensation being under fire for the first time, but the chief thing you notice is this—you're awfully hot and thirsty." Another writes: "It makes you feel funny when you first get under fire," and when the advance is ordered, and "the bullets ping-pong, and you hear the crack of explosives, you take a deep breath and shiver, as when you jump into cold water." One man in answer to the question says: "Well, for my part—and a few more—it feels as if you could do with a good smoke, especially of one's favourite cigarettes. That is the honest truth. Of course I mean after you settle down to the thing." We have quoted enough to show our readers what manner of book is this, and how interesting it must prove to all who admire the courage and devotion of sailors and soldiers. In hospital, as on the field, they show equal endurance and cheerfulness, as when

"The Epistles of Atkins." By James Milne. (Fisher Unwin.)

"a Northumbrian boasts of a Christmas-box, and then describes it as 'a quarter of an ounce of lead in his leg.' He is less well dowered than the fellow of jest, who being hailed, 'How did you get on, Bill?' outs back, 'Got a bally lead mine in me. Want to stake out a few claims!'

"THE BLOOD-TAX."

The point of honour, as understood by the German in military caste, is not easy of comprehension by the English newspaper reader, who, occasionally coming across some of its results, is led to conclude that it is nothing more or less than a form of insanity. Nor is Dorothea Gerard's new novel—and one of her best besides—"The Blood-Tax" (Hutchinson and Co.) likely to make any essential change in that opinion. Lieutenant Pletze, one of the most brilliant and promising young officers in the service, whose profession is his life, and in its traditions his religion, receives a blow in the face from a workman who mistook him in the dark for another person. A duel being out of the question, it was the lieutenant's duty to draw his sword without a moment's delay, and to take the drop of blood necessary, and sufficient, for the occasion. Unfortunately, his arm was hampered by a long cloak, so that his assailant had time to run into the arms of a police officer before he could be touched with the sword. All that the lieutenant, as an officer and gentleman, could do was to report the circumstance to his colonel, and to resign his commission in order to save his regiment from the shame of having one of its members brought before a Court of Honour. Amid universal respect and sympathy he left the service a ruined and broken-hearted man; his betrothed had not the courage to be true to him in his trouble; and there was nothing left him but a revolver had not Dorothea Gerard provided him with a consolation which most people will think as ample as anybody could desire. But then there is not a Hedwig Gruneberg for every Lieutenant Pletze: and there is no exaggeration about the tragedy, outrageously grotesque as it may seem. Not only so, but we are made to see and feel how the seeming insanity is, at bottom, a piece of Quixotic logic, the annihilation of common sense by pitching the key of honour fantastically high. The German officer is portrayed by one who knows him well—too well to be blinded either by his fine qualities on the one hand or by his less attractive characteristics on the other. The authoress has a purpose—namely, of showing how ill-adapted is the German military system for this country, and of suggesting a

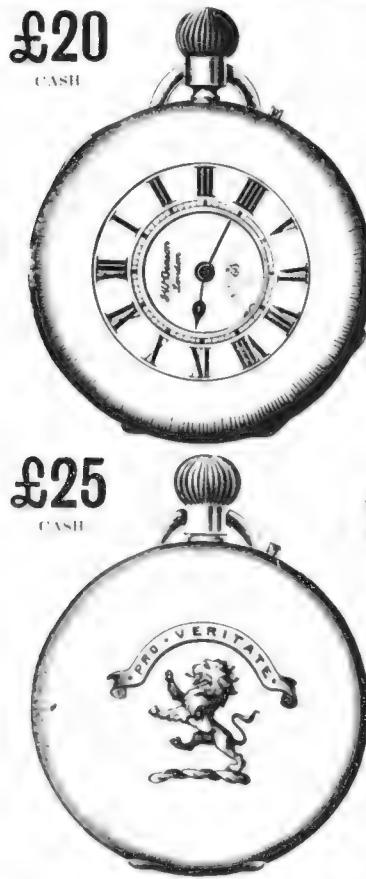
substitute, doubtless suggested by experienced authority. Into this, however, it is not our business to enter here. As a story, "The Blood-Tax" is, as we have said, one of her best; and this in point of human interest as well as for its illustration of a state of things in which, had it been narrated of some barbaric age, few would have been able to believe.

"MARY NEVILLE."

"The History of a Woman who attempted too much" is the descriptive sub-title of A. E. Slade's "Mary Neville" (Hutchinson and Co.). The "too much" was nothing less than the salvation, by marriage, of an obviously irreclaimable sot and cad, with no attraction but his good looks, and no merit but a feeble sort of return for the devoted and self-sacrificing affection of an elder brother. Naturally Mary Neville's attempt ends in failure of the very direst kind. On the other hand, the story of it is a distinct success, not only in respect of its main subject, but of all the surrounding circumstances. The characters, one and all, are living men and women, and not mere appendages to Mary Neville's miserable marriage; they have their own interests, and even their own humours—for it must not be supposed that the novel consists of undiluted tragedy, independently of a final lifting of the clouds. While it is not to be read for pleasure, it is the interest of actuality from beginning to end.

"BROWNIE'S LIFE."

The plot laid by Margaret Northcott, better known to her family and friends, and now to the readers of Mr. Thomas Cobb's new story (Ward, Lock and Co.), as "Brownie," was to e'er the young man she loved from a charge of forgery. Her plan is to hypnotise the person whom she thinks may have been the real criminal, and thus test his ability to sign another man's name to a cheque as well with his left hand as with his right—for he had previously escaped suspicion on account of a broken right arm. Of course action under hypnotic suggestion proves nothing but the influence of the operator. However, as Brownie's patient, after the experiment, made a satisfactory confession of his guilt, the success of her plot must be regarded as better than the recognised rules of evidence would otherwise have allowed. Considered as Mr. Cobb's instead of his heroine's, the "plot" may be sufficiently described as a fairly interesting anecdote brightly told.



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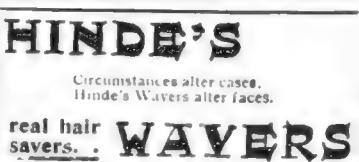
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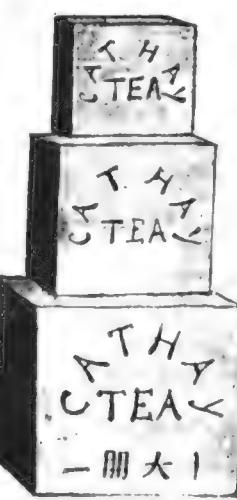
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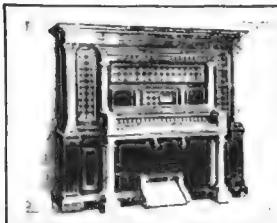
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NEW EDITIONS

We have received a host of new editions of well-known works, some of which deserve more than a passing word of comment. Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co., who ceaselessly turn out a host of charming reprints, send us, as additions to their neat edition of Thackeray (with illustrations by C. E. Brock, printed in tint and black and white), "Esmond," in two volumes, "Barry Lyndon" in one volume, and "The Newcomes" in three volumes. The same publishers also send us five new volumes of the "Temple Bible," namely, "Isaiah," "Deuteronomy," "St. John's Gospel, Epistles I, II, and III, and Revelations," "Samuel I and II," and the "Books of Ezra, Nehemiah and Esther;" also in the "Temple Classics" Oliver Goldsmith's "Plays" and "Poems" in one volume each, Matthew Arnold's "Dramatic and Early Poems" and Carlyle's "Past and Present;" also Volumes II. and III. of the "Collected Works of William Hazlitt," a monumental edition which is to be completed in twelve library volumes. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have sent us two additions to their excellent cheap edition of Thackeray, namely, "Esmond" and "Barry Lyndon." This series is reprinted exactly from the first edition, with all the original illustrations, facsimiles of wrappers. It is plainly but very tastefully bound in cloth. From the same publishers comes Dickens's "A Tale of Two Cities," bound in green cloth and with H. K. Browne's illustrations, also Tennyson's "Poems," a thin octavo printed in double columns. This, if we mistake not, is a reprint of an American edition and is not pretty, though a few of the sixteen illustrations are interesting.

The Cremation of a Buddhist Monk

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—"On the demise of a *lipyongyi* (Buddhist monk) of any sanctity, the body is not burned or cremated at once, but after it has undergone a process of drying, the remains

are kept—usually in honey—for a longer or shorter period, proportionate to the respect and veneration in which he was held in life, and his eventual cremation is made the occasion of grand festivities, people from all over the country flocking to take part in them and



A BUDDHIST CREMATION TOWER

to pay their last respects to the holy man. A cremation tower is built of bamboo and paper and hung all round with paintings, pictures, etc., and profusely covered with gold leaf the whole presenting a most gorgeous appearance; and upon this tower is placed the coffin containing the remains, preparatory to being cremated.

"The tower shown in our illustration was 114 ft. high and ninety by seventy-five feet wide at the base. It cost considerably over 2,000 rupees, and was the gift of a zealous Buddhist, a rich ruby merchant. For fully a fortnight before the cremation *pyes* (Burmees dramatic performances), *Punch* and *Judy* shows, marionettes and various other side-shows—not excluding mild gambling in one form or another—are in full swing night and day, and anything from 2,000 to 20,000 people may be gathered together at one time on the ground, the whole presenting a most magnificent panorama, the variegated colours which go to make up the costumes of the charming *Minkalays* (Burmees young ladies) being particularly pleasing to the eye. The roads leading to the cremation grounds are thronged with carts of various descriptions, all tending in the same direction, each cart loaded with, perhaps, a dozen or more Burmees young men and women, packed like sardines in a box, but all as happy as birds, nevertheless.

"The coffin is taken down from the tower every day and carried in procession round the tower enclosure, together with huge figures of horses, elephants, leopards and other animals, mythical and otherwise—all made of paper on bamboo framing, and usually covered with gold and silver leaf. On the last day before the cremation presents are made to the *Phoongyi* in the shape of clothing, fans, clocks, travelling trunks and various other articles, all contributed by good Buddhists, who look upon it as a work of merit.

"The *Khin Magan Sayadaw*'s (Bishop's) remains were burned or cremated on Sunday, March 30 last. He died nearly a year ago. The usual processes of drying and embalming the remains were gone through, and the body kept in the *Kyaung* (monastery) in which he had resided. Due notice was given two months before the cremation, and arrangements went on apace. There were enormous crowds present each day during the cremation festivities, which began on March 15, 1902." Our photograph is by Pat. Doyle.

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Rural Notes

THE SEASON

THE temperature of May was three degrees below the mean, and growth in June and July is bound to be affected by this deficiency of heat. The rainfall since Whitsuntide, however, has been ample, and thus the aspect of the pastures is in striking contrast to what it was a fortnight ago. But hay will be late all the same, and it is doubtful if it will be at all a full yield. It is, however, very difficult to form an estimate this season, the west having fare very well while the south and east have suffered severely. In the north the year is so behindhand that an estimate would be premature. The parks are now very cheerful with the lilac and laburnum in full flower, and at last the may is out on the hedgerows. The late-leaving acacia has responded to the milder air and so has the sunbeam. The oak is well out, but the ash, which preceded the oak this year, has been cut back, its tender leaf-buds being destroyed by May frosts and fresh growth having to be made. Thus the ash is quite the latest leafer tree this year. Planes were very late, but about the 20th May saw them in full-blown leaf-bud. Swifts have at last been seen near London, but the Hirundines are terribly scarce this season, and the cold May silenced the nightingale.

THE GREAT SHOW AT PLYMOUTH

The weather for the great gathering of "The Bath and West," a gathering supported by the Minister of Agriculture and by a crowd of local gentry as well as farmers, was not all that could be desired,

rain falling intermittently on each of the popular days, though it spared the patrician first day. The attendance, therefore, may not have quite reached an average, for it is, of course, the popular shilling which tells in this respect. The horses were the weak point of the show, but it was exceedingly strong in cattle and sheep, and the pig classes were thought by some specialists to be the finest all-round display for many years, whether at the Royal or at any local show. The cattle were wonderfully good in Herefords, Jerseys, Guernseys, Red Polls, Kermes and Dexters, but the Devons were disappointing, a remarkable event in Devonshire, and the shorthorns not very fine in average quality.

CATTLE

How few people imagine that India is the champion cattle-breeding country of the world! Our Eastern Empire, however, owns 47,349,000 cattle without reckoning two very large districts from which there are no returns. Probably the whole of India possesses sixty million cattle. The United States have 43,902,000, Argentina has 21,702,000, and Australasia 11,050,000. These are the Great Powers of the cattle market. The Australasian herds are diminishing at the very serious rate of ten per cent. a year, and while a pause in this decimation may soon be anticipated, the Australasian cattle breeders appear to be fairly outclassed by those of the New World. If the climate be trusted to, droughts carry off enormous numbers every five years or so and sweep away three or four seasons' accumulated profits in as many weeks. If Artesian wells and irrigation tanks are resorted to, the interest on the capital sunk in these aids raises the price of the beef and the hides beyond what the

European market will pay. La Plata, with immense areas of well-watered land and a comparatively short and direct sea-passage, seems to be the coming country. Austria-Hungary has 15,000,000 and France 13,487,000 cattle, but they require all their own animal for their home wants.

HORSES IN THE WEST

While the Government hesitated to encourage the home breeding either of medium-weight horses for the cavalry or of heavier animals for the artillery, the good prices obtainable for any sound horse nowadays are doing their own work. The north and east had for long the pull in all matters equine, but the other counties are now taking a hand. Shires have been successfully bred in Kent, thoroughbreds in Cornwall, and we now hear that Welshpool has been chosen as a centre where in future a great animal fair and sale of horses will be conducted under the auspices of the Entire Horse Association. The idea is to bring in some twenty counties on either side of the Severn and to encourage more particularly the breeding of shire horses. Perhaps Shrewsbury or Worcester would have been a better centre; we doubt if Welshpool is not a trifle too west for the English counties. That, however, is a matter of detail; it could be changed if need were, and Wales is able, moreover, to support a show and sale to itself. The climate, especially of North Wales, is admirably fitted for horse-breeding and the United Kingdom could certainly do with twice its present number of horses. We own at present just two millions against twenty-one millions in Russia, four millions in Germany, the same number in Austria-Hungary, and fourteen millions in America.

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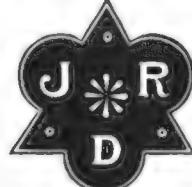
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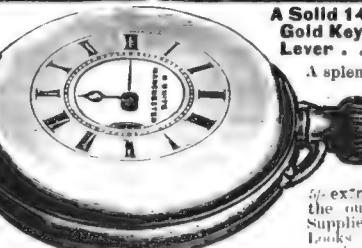
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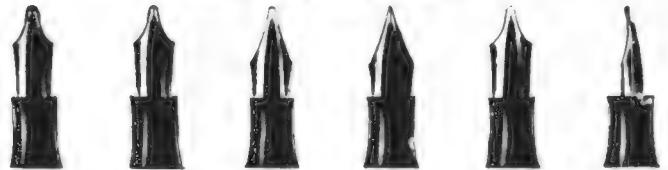
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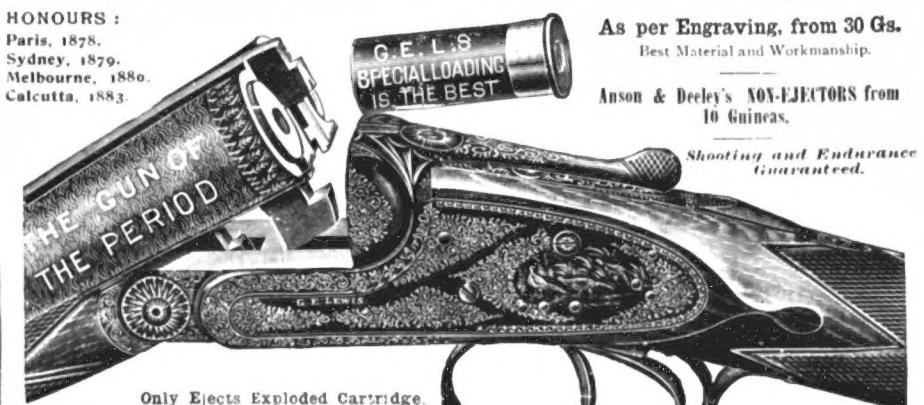
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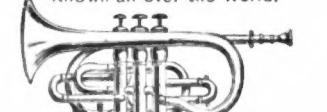
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